



3-1879

Jacksonville Republican | March 1879

Jacksonville Republican (Jacksonville, Ala. : 1837-1895)

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THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. CRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

One year in advance \$2.00

Six months in advance \$1.00

Three months in advance \$0.50

Terms of Advertising:

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Fourth insertion \$0.20

Five insertions \$0.15

Six insertions \$0.10

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Eight insertions \$0.06

Nine insertions \$0.05

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

County Offices \$5.00

Notary Public \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Advertisements affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

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FORGIVENESS.

When on a fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the weapon bands,
Even on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that smites,
To see the blow and feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it, but he came from Heaven,
Reveiled, rejected and betrayed;
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made,
But when his death-knell rang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers and died.

Accidentally Innocent.

No lawyer likes going into court with a thoroughly bad case, yet how can he help it sometimes?

I should have more patience with the question, "Do you ever think it right to defend a man whom you believe to be guilty?" were it less frequently put by people who spend six days of the week seeking to get the upper hand of their neighbors, and the seventh trying to circumvent their Maker. To the honest inquirer, I commend the answer Dr. Johnson once gave to Boswell, "Sir, the lawyer is not the judge."

Was it my place when George Gilbert's little care-worn wife came with tears glistening in her eyes, to beseech me to do what I could for her imprisoned husband, virtually to turn my back and leave her tired, troubled heart to break or rot as it might. I was neither a priest nor a Levite to find a ready excuse for passing by on the other side. Yet what could I do? George Gilbert had been sent on a collecting tour and had gambled away money received for his employers. It was a plain case of embezzlement, and the penalty was a term of years in the State's prison.

"I am sure he never meant to be dishonest," pleaded the loyal little woman; "he was tempted by a crafty and designing man, but instead of running away, as others would have done, he came back and confessed his fault, offering to let his whole salary go toward making up the lost money till every cent was paid. Mr. Meek, the junior partner, was willing to be merciful, but Mr. Mangle, the head of the house, who just returned then after a year's absence, insisted that the law should take its course."

"I gave her what poor consolation I could, for lawyers, like doctors, must keep their patients' courage up at times. "In the first place, I'll see Messrs. Mangle & Meek," I said. "Mr. Mangle may be brought to hear reason, after all—if he can only be made to see his interest in it."

The pale, despondent face cheered up a little. My words seemed to have inspired sort of undefined hope that I was far from feeling myself.

Mr. Mangle received me with stony politeness. "Young man," his manner said, "don't waste time in appeals to sentiment; you won't if you'll only just look at me."

I took the hint and came at once to business, repeated Gilbert's offer, and put it as strongly as possible that more was to be gained by leniency than harshness—all of which Mr. Mangle listened to with a conscientious scowl.

"I cannot be a party to compounding a felony," he answered with a solemn intonation.

"Nor have I asked you," I replied, not a little nettled. "I have merely mentioned a plan of paying back your own, leaving it to your generosity to press or not to press this prosecution."

"Oh, it's all the same," was the contemptuous rejoinder—"anybody but a lawyer, with his head full of quibbles and quibbles, could see that. Besides, there is something rather cool in the proposal to retain your friend in our employ under pretence of working out the money he has stolen, with the opportunity of flitting twice as much in the meantime."

I felt my temper rising, and not caring to imperil my client's interest by an outright quarrel, I took a hasty leave.

Had I been in the prisoner's place on the morning fixed for the trial, I could hardly have ascended the courthouse steps with more reluctance than I did. And when I entered the court-room and found Gilbert and his wife already there, and noted the hopeful look with which the latter greeted my coming, my heart sickened at the thought of the bitter disappointment coming.

amusement, then for money, and after losing all his own, in hope of retrieving his loss, with the fatal intonation of that dreadful vice whose end is swift destruction, he had hazarded, and lost the last dollar of money he had in trust for his employers.

Mr. Meek's voice faltered as he closed his narrative. He was to volunteer something about the prisoner's good character when a disapproving glance from Mr. Mangle brought him to a halt.

Just then the prisoner chanced to turn his head, and catching a glimpse of the senior partner, who had just entered, and was standing among the crowd, he started quickly, then whispered hurriedly in my ear.

"Turn aside your face," I whispered back. And the case for the prosecution being closed.

"Have you any witness for the defence?" inquired the judge.

"I will call Ezekiah Mangle," I replied.

A buzz of surprise greeted the announcement, in the midst of which Mr. Mangle stepped forward and was sworn.

"You have been absent for the past year Mr. Mangle?" I began.

"Travelling in different parts?" "Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?" "Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?" "Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?" "If he will turn his head this way I can tell better."

At my bidding Gilbert turned and faced the witness.

The effect was electrical. Mr. Mangle turned red and pale by turns.

"One other question, Mr. Mangle," I resumed. "Do you recognize in the prisoner a young man from whom you won a thousand dollars at poker while on your travels?" and I named the time and place at which the prisoner had met with the misfortune.

How a Man Locks the Doors.

There is something curious about the way a man closes up the doors for the night. A woman will close up all the doors in the house in ten minutes and spend twenty minutes taking down her back hair and getting her fingers ready for morning. The man of the house having no back hair to take down and no frizzes to put up, spends his time in locking up the house. He begins at the back doors and looks and bolts all the doors from that to the front door.

Then he takes off his coat and collar. By that time one of the children wants a drink of water and he has to unlock one of the doors to get it. Then he locks the door carefully, goes back and takes off his vest and winds up his watch or clock as the case may be. His wife suddenly calls out from among the bed-clothes it being the winter season and asks her liege lord to make another expedition to the kitchen and see if the pancake batter is liable to rise in its night and overflow the dish. He unlocks two more doors and makes a tour of inspection. All is well. He removes his stockings, warms his feet and proposes to retire. Suddenly he is overcome with the conviction that the rear door is not locked and away he goes barefooted over the cold floor of the kitchen and woodshed. By the time he reaches the woodshed door he is uncertain whether any of the doors are locked, and he makes the grand round again. He removes his pantaloons, blows out the light and is just about to lie down, when his wife suddenly bethinks herself that the girl probably forgot to put the milk pail out, and away he goes again in a huff and a white flowing garment before he gets back to bed again he steps on two marbles and a sharp piece of tin which the children have left on the floor. At last he gets between the sheets and lays him down to pleasant or horrible dreams—he is never sure which it will be. As Morpheus gobbles him up and is about to take him to the land of nod, the brilliant thought that the hired girl is out flashes athwart his brain, and he gets up and unlocks the kitchen door. In exactly one hour and eleven minutes from the time he begins preparations to retire he is in bed for good, and one of the doors is still unlocked. He says softly but solemnly that he'll be blown if he'll undertake to lock the doors again if robbers surrounded the house four feet deep. But the next night he repeats the performance by special request.

Most Always Thus.

About mid-afternoon the cry of "runaway—look out!" was started on Michigan avenue, near Cass street, by a dozen persons. A young man with the peach blossoms of the country on his cheeks and his pants tucked into his boot-legs had just come out of a harness shop, and seeing the runaway horse coming down the street he dropped the horse collar off his arm and made a dash for the flying animal. Just how it happened no one could say, but horse and man and sleigh were all piled up in a heap the next moment, and from the mass issued a string of yells as it did not seem possible one man could utter. The crowd separated one from the other after a while, and the man appeared to have been dragged through several knot-holes and then run through a threshing machine. Some wiped the blood off his ear, while others hunted up his broken suspenders and missing boot-heels, and when he got his breath he said:

"Oh, I don't care about these few scratches. Where are the ladies whose lives I saved?"

"There was no one in the sleigh," answered one of the crowd—"no one but a sack of buckwheat and a quarter of beef, and they are safe."

"Didn't I rescue anybody?" demanded the young man.

"No; but you are a hero just the same."

"I'll be totally mashed if I am!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Here, some of you put that horse-collar over my head, hitch a will-cart to me and drive me to death for a mule, for I don't know enough to be a first-class fool."

Dawn on the Moon.

Prof. Swift recently gave some visitors a view of sunrise on the moon through his telescope. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing to him an ever-changing panorama. Still, there is naught but desolation, yawning craters, and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits. The moon is dead, to all appearance—burned out, the desolate and rugged shores of its great sea bottoms. But in the gray plains, where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls. The gray plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the Eastern Continent. Under the telescope we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these lines appeared to be rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and making, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with

sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the larger crater rays spread out, as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttlefish covering a vast surface. The grandest phenomena are to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illuminated sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of crater are illuminated, and shine like rings of silver, glittering upon a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance. The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a black space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit of other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and then the sunlight invades the depths of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls, and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys are valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No air, no sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is also awful in its suggestions of power and in its loneliness of utter desolation.

Dog Stories.

Intelligent dogs readily adapt themselves to their conditions, as the following anecdote will prove: A deaf and dumb lady living in a German city had as a companion a younger woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder lady a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that someone was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions."

When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into obscurity. Not such a complete master of the situation was the hero of the second story. A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture, the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical; the dog's head and tail drooped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it until he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. He evidently fancied he smelt sulphur.

Eating to Slow Music.

Why should a hungry traveler be forced to eat to slow music? On one of the Florida steamboats, the tuneless three, harp, flute and violin, are brought into play not only when a landing is reached or the moon rises, but also when meals are served in the cabin. As soon as the napkin is spread across the knee and the soup plate is set down, the spasmodic refrain, "Whoo Emma!" falls upon the ear and puts the nerves, if not the appetite on edge. With the St. John's River shad comes the agile and cool-moving "Nancy Lee," and with the roasts and entrees, is drowned "Ah! I have sighed to rest me!" Then the mince pie is served thin, soggy and mysterious, and the harp with prophetic instinct, anticipates every victim's dreams by striking the first cords of "Grandfather's Clock." It may be that the captain aims to stimulate the appetites of the passengers by these artificial aids; and then again, it is conceivable that the musicians are paid by the steward, who is anxious to keep the living expenses as low as possible, and ingeniously contrives to clear the cabin in fifteen minutes. The traveling public is not composed of deaf men, and no one who has ears can make out his dinner when music such as this is in process of dissection. Involuntarily, the nervous man sends back the soup, skips the shad, plays with the roast, and bolts out of the cabin with an orange in his hand long before the ancestral time-piece is wound up.

A Mile a Minute.

Some years ago Captain A. L. Anderson, of Kingston, New York, owned a celebrated sail-boat named Gazelle, and one winter his brother Nathan mounted the Gazelle on runners, and many were the jolly parties who enjoyed sails in the Gazelle that winter. Being at Saugerties one day the wind came out north-east and blew a gale, and when the Gazelle ran out of Saugerties Creek homeward bound, it was decided that Hank Van Brainer, a noted North River skipper of those days, should hold a watch over the boat from Saugerties Light-house to the one at the mouth of Rondout Creek.

Accordingly the Gazelle made a stretch up the river toward Maiden, so as to come down and pass the light-house on the fly, then squared away, the wind blowing a piper just over the quarter, and as she flew past Saugerties Light, "Nate," who had the tiller, sang out, "Time!" I was a passenger on that sail, and the shores appeared like two blue ribbons, the noise made by the flying boat was like the hum of a large top, and at times, when a heavier puff of wind than usual struck the boat, a long distance would be run on one running. The ice was smooth, and so strong that the four-horse mail-coaches between Albany and New York used the river as a thoroughfare all the way to Poughkeepsie, and when the Gazelle rushed past the Rondout light-house, and "Nate" again called out "Time!" Hank Van Brainer's eyes were so filled with tears that he could not see the figures on the watch-face, but the boat was gradually brought by the wind, luffed up, and stopped, when the tears were swabbed from Hank's eyes and the time noted was just nine minutes since leaving Saugerties Light-house, which, by allowing two minutes for bringing the boat by the wind, luffing up and getting it stopped, would make the running time seven minutes for the ten miles, and when it is remembered the Gazelle was not an ice-boat, but a sail-boat mounted on what looked like a huge hand-sled, with plank runners shod with half-round irons running the boat's entire length, it seems the more speed is obtained by having a certain amount of weight to the craft, for no report of greater speed than ten miles in seven minutes is remembered to have been made by any of the modern-built ice-yachts.

Tram-Roads for Wagons.

It seems to me a tram-road could be constructed much cheaper on a different plan by using small, narrow-gauge cars in place of wagons, say from 2 1/2 to 3 feet in width. The track could be made similar to the old-fashioned strap rail—simply a piece of heavy strap-iron spiked on a piece of scantling of sufficient strength, and where there is much travel double tracks could be used. My plan would be to have small cars of capacity of a common wagon made as light and durable as possible, and one horse could pull as much as two to a common wagon on good roads. On level prairies tram-roads could be made much cheaper than \$5,000 per mile as a good many of them are already graded and bridged, and it would not be as much expense to keep them in repair after being built as our common dirt or mud roads. What we want is a road that will not cut up every time it rains.

Of Course She Had.

He was a stylish-looking young man, and he put on several extra flourishes as he drove up to a residence on Woodward avenue with a fast horse and nobby cutter. His impatient ring at the bell was slowly answered by the maid, and she put on great dignity as she replied to his query by saying: "Miss Clara is not at home."

"But I have come to take her out riding," he continued.

"Miss Clara is not at home," she persisted.

"Well, that's strange," he mused, as he slowly walked down the steps and out of the gate. He unlatched the horse like a man who didn't know what he was doing, but as he was ready to get into the cutter he suddenly slapped his leg and cried out:

"I see it, now! She's taken that present to a jeweler and he's told her it was rolled plate!"

Excuses For Smoking.

In a northern town, the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the habit from the masters. In this they were successful until one evening when the master caught them pulling most vigorously.

"How now," shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you be smoking?"

"Sir!" I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Necessity never made a good bargain. Examples are the best lessons for youth.

All between the cradle and the coffin is uncertain.

He that gives his heart will not deny his money.

Honest men's words are as good as their bonds.

An hour of pain is as long as a day of pleasure.

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds.

Blessings are often not valued till they are gone.

Charity begins at home, but should not end there.

If it were not for hopes the heart would break.

I know of nobody that has a wish to die this year.

Attention to little things is the economy of virtue.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

A detractor is his own foe and the world's enemy.

The best protected life is the one protected by suffering.

Love is what distinguishes, for every man is his own love.

The human heart is like heaven; the more angels the more room.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.

Ignorance is a subject for pity, not laughter.

As lovespeak no evil, so envy speaks no good.

He hath lived ill that knows not how to die well.

Children are certain cares but uncertain comforts.

He that falls to day may be up again to-morrow.

Light cares speak, great ones are dumb.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

All impediments in fancy's course are motives of mere fancy.

Great souls invite calamity, as lofty mountains the thunder clouds.

If ever I am an instructor, it will be to learn more to teach.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved.

By the very constitution of our natures, moral evil is its own cure.

Take the tone of the company you are in, and never pretend to give it.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

A prosy man is like the creak of a mill when it is empty.

Anger always hurts us more than the one we get mad at.

Read not books alone, but men; and be careful to read thyself.

The credit that is got by a lie lasts only till the truth comes out.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good will of others.

Deep aloof from sadness, for sadness is the sickness of the soul.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for a patient as healthy weather.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

God judges our actions by our motives; men judge our motives by our actions.

Tolerance is a tree which has contentment for its

WANTED.—For the purpose of popularizing our wanted column, and making it what we designed it to be—a means of effecting exchange and sale of property by our people.

We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement under that head, (not to exceed five lines, 25 cents; or, just half the price that we have heretofore charged.)—This certainly brings it within the reach of every body—who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring about a sale of property advertised, stands to reason. A man can hardly have anything that he is willing to sell but that there is some one anxious to buy.

That identical article if he only knew where to find it. If it is advertised, he will know exactly who has it, and thus a trade will be brought about, or if he

WANTED.—An article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payment for every advertisement under the head of

WANTED.—No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm products—a cow, horse, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise in

WANTED.—If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the wanted column, and you will be quickly supplied.

The evening masquerade, at the residence of Gen. Burke, the 25th was a very brilliant social event. The elegant, the unique, the grotesque costumes of the masks, as they promenade the halls and verandahs, under the light of Chinese lanterns, or threaded the mazes of the dance in the brilliantly lighted parlors of Bellevue, combined to present a scene enchanting to a degree.

Miss Dora Crook was dressed to represent Sunbeam, Miss Lillie Hoke as a German Peasant Girl, Miss Georgia Hoke as Lady in Black, Miss Lillie Hoke as Ceres, Miss Mary A. Forney as a Lady of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, Miss Jessie Woods as a Lady of the Old School, Miss Lizzie Vernon as the Duchess De Berry, Miss Lizzie Hoke as a Flower Girl, Miss Ella Abernethy as Rose of Lancaster, Miss Arnold sweetly dressed, but representing no particular character, Miss Rosa Rowan as a Breton Girl, Miss Carrie Abernethy as Polly, Miss Maggie Burke as Cinderella, Miss Lizzie Burke as Little Bopeep, and last and not least as saying so, the best, Miss Frankie Wyly as the Jacksonville Republican. To describe the tasteful and suggestive arrangement of all the lovely costumes of the lady maskers would consume a column, and then we would not have done the fair wearers justice, but we cannot pass without description the costume of the lovely and sprightly young lady who complimented the Republican by choosing it as her character for the evening. The dress was black and trimmed with headings of the Republican, which, under the soft light that agitated through the parlors, looked like rich embroidery. The dress was otherwise trimmed with cards bearing the local advertisements of the paper, and all so well set off by a graceful figure and beautiful face with a wealth of expression, that the verdict was no dress of the evening was more charming or more exquisitely becoming to its lovely wearer.

Among the gentlemen, Mr. Wm. Dean represented Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. W. G. Caldwell in a grotesque dress appeared as Little Red Riding Hood, Mr. Dolheim represented King Cotton, Mr. E. G. Caldwell a Continental Gentleman, Mr. Walt Dean a Spanish Military Officer, Mr. Bonnie Carpenter a Gentleman of the Old School, Mr. Walt Hammonds, Claude Duval, Mr. Willie Parr a Chinese Mandarin, Mr. Robt. Arnold a Comanche Chief, Mr. Ed. Parr a N. Y. Drummer, Mr. Joe Privett a Cincinnati Drummer, Master Frank Burke a Turkish Gentleman, and late in the evening the genial host as a festive old lady fond of the dance. These completed the list of guests in mask or character.

Among those neither masked nor dressed in character were Mrs. J. H. Forney, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. W. G. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stevenson, Mrs. King, Mr. John M. Crook, Mr. Alf Dean, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Crook, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Grant.

The floral designs, arranged by the deft hands of the fair hostess and Miss Costello, were beautiful, the music was delightful, the welcome warm-hearted—all combining to render the evening pleasant beyond comparison. At eleven an elegant repast was partaken of, after which was more music, dancing, delightful promenades along the hall and around the verandahs, and then a kind good night, and the evening masquerade at Bellevue was over—the most delightful of the year.

Some parties broke into the store room of Mr. B. J. Macaws, near the depot, one night last week and succeeded in getting his iron safe open, but fortunately for him, found little money. He had that evening taken it out, and at the time of the robbery had it at his home. A small pouch of silver currency was lying near the safe on the outside, but this was overlooked by the thieves. Nothing else of consequence was missed.

Died.—At the residence of her husband in this place, of paralysis, Saturday the 22nd inst., Mrs. Johns. Deceased was a most exemplary christian lady, beloved by a large circle of friends, and her death is sincerely mourned by all who knew her. Her aged parents, in life and her children have our heartfelt sympathy.

Died.—At the residence of his parents, near Webberville, Travis County Texas, on the 13th of Feb., 1879, Pink E. Garrett, second son of Parillo and Susan Garrett, of South Carolina, aged 20 years last day.

After a brief and painful illness, his immortal spirit took its flight, to its home in Paradise with God. He bore his afflictions as a Soldier of the cross. Praying constantly to his maker, he vanished from our sight like a fleeting Sunbeam and did not fear death: but Oh! how sad to realize that his sweet smile will no more shed its light in the home circle, no more will he fill the vacant seat around the fire-side, but calm and peacefully he fell asleep in Jesus, and his Spirit has been wafted to the golden wings of immortal love from earth to the bosom of the Good Shepherd.

ELIA AVAINE GARRETT.

Mr. John Patterson says he did not say to plant cabbage seed "in the fall of the moon"; but in the ground, when the moon is full in April. We knew that John had so thoroughly set his affections in things on high, that we were not surprised when he told us he always planted his cabbage seed in the "full moon." But he says he didn't.

Benj. F. Herr, of the Livingston Journal, courts notice at the hands of the Mobile Register and Jacksonville Republican. The Register has gratified him, and withal punished him so severely that we have not the heart to add another word. The way of the nosing intermeddler is hard.

The neighbors of Mr. Cole, in Isabella County, Mich., disliked his family's conduct, and planned to give him what they called a "surprise party" with tar and feathers. But the Coles were not in the least surprised. Mr. Cole blazed away from a window with a revolver. Mrs. Cole used a shot gun, and two juvenile Coles threw stones that had been gathered for the purpose.

Alexandria Items.

The farmers are very backward in preparing their lands for cultivation—but have been very busy in building fences and other necessary work. I believe that a majority of our farmers have come to the conclusion that they will make money by letting guano alone, since the companies have raised on the price. The people are long in condemning our "weak kneed" legislators. I think that our Representatives should "rise and explain" concerning the salary grab, and how, and by what arithmetical process they got nine Sundays out of fifty days. From the view I take, I think that every member that voted for and accepted pay for services that were not rendered, is guilty of political dishonesty, and all such will have to "step down and out," and in future elections will be carefully put on the "shelf" and properly "labeled."

A TAX RIDEN DEVIL.

Alabama News.

The Cullman Tribune says: We hear of a disease among the cattle in this county with symptoms resembling yellow fever. Several cows in our vicinity have died of this complaint.

Farmers around Smith's Station, Lee County, have just given the yearling, The Blount County News says: The farmers of that county are signing a paper agreeing not to purchase any commercial fertilizers unless they can be had with cotton at 15 cents instead of 13 as demanded by dealers.

Says the Tuskegee Mail—To show the importance of advertising, Willis Ligon gave us an advertisement last week, in reference to a stray mule, and in less than two days he was found and delivered.

It also says—On last Monday while Ben Thornton, the colored driver of Mr. Olive's two gray horses, was driving in the lot formerly used by him, in which there was an old well covered with planks, he by some unaccountable means, got the horses upon these planks, although they were elevated about a foot from the ground, and not being nailed they slipped apart, and one of the horses fell through, and very near pulled the other one with him. He was then cut from the harness and allowed to fall to the bottom, a distance of about fifty feet. The fall must have mangled him terribly, but he was still alive and gave evidence of his intense agony by the most awful groans we ever heard. As soon as possible a veterinarian and rope were obtained, and the horse was by this means brought within about ten feet of the surface, when the ropes slipped from every part except the right fore foot, and thus he hung suspended for a moment, when he made an effort, and down he went to the bottom with a heavy thud. His sufferings must have been terrible. Once more the ropes were attached to him and he was hauled up, and the time deposited upon the ground, but the poor mangled and crushed animal lived but a few moments. He was one of Mr. Olive's most valuable horses.

Says the Shelby Guide: There seems to be a general and growing disposition among the farmers in this part of the country to introduce improved agricultural implements on their farms, and is to be noted as a strong evidence of prosperity and advancement.

The wheat crops in the Beulah neighborhood are promising.

Says the Bangor Broad Axe: Mr. J. C. Dunman, who lives in the vicinity of the "High Rock" church, exhibited in our office on Tuesday of last week a specimen of ore resembling silver very much. Mr. D. has had some experience in mining in Georgia, and is of the opinion it is a rich silver mine he has discovered. But Mr. D. is too much of a business man to tell where he made the discovery. We doubt not there is plenty of silver in the mountains of Blount, and that it will be utilized in the near future.

The Prattville Citizen says: The extreme low price of cotton should induce farmers to look about them, and see if there is not another cash producing crop which can be cultivated without positive loss. We suggest that stock raising, especially sheep, may be found to fill the bill.

WANTED.—To buy one load of good

A NEW LITERARY MAGAZINE

The Dollar Magazine of current foreign literature is announced by the American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman Street, New York, the first number to appear January 15th. It will be similar in character to the well known Little's Living Age and Eclectic Magazine, containing, in a year's numbers, about one-third as much matter as the former, and four-fifths as much as the latter. Monthly, 128 pages, \$1.00 a year.

We have received the first volume of Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature, issued by the American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman Street, New York, and find it every thing represented by the publishers, both as to binding and typographical execution. The work is invaluable to any library, and its exceeding cheapness places it within reach of all. The entire work in eight volumes, is offered for the low price of \$2.25 in paper, \$3.25 in cloth or \$4.75 in half morocco, gilt top binding.

LOCAL MATTERS.

MAKE MONEY

By buying your goods of W. P. & ED. L. PARR.

They have just received 2,000 lbs of flour which they sell from \$3 to \$3.50, 1,000 lbs meat from 5c to 7c lb, 800 lbs lard from 9c to 10c lb, 500 lbs Coffee from 18c to 20c lb, 800 lbs Sugar from 10c to 11c lb, 25 bushels Eastern seed Irish potatoes cheap, 5 bushels red and yellow Davies Silver Skin onion sets, 1,000 packages Garden seed of all kinds, 350 lbs Mackerel and White fish at bottom prices, 250 lbs of sole and upper leather at manufacturer's prices, 200 pieces Tin Ware of all kinds that are generally needed for family use, 250 gallons of Stone Ware of every variety, 2,500 Sacks of all grades from 2 to 10c, 200 lbs. Cheating Tobacco from 4c to 9c lb, Halfdozen Stock Smoking Tobacco, 250 lbs Cream and Young America Cheese from 12c to 15c lb, 100 Cans Cove Oysters from 10c to 20c, 75 Boxes finest yardings from 20c to 25c box, 50 best Hyson and Breakfast Tea from 50c to 60c lb, 100 lbs Pure Stick Candy from 15c to 25c, 50 lbs Fancy Candy from 25c to 50c lb, 250 bushels Apples consisting of Fancy Baldwin and Russets, 500 BEST Sweet Oranges, Large and Well Assorted Glass Ware, Lamp Fixtures, Soap, Starch, Soda, Baking powder, Brooms, Washing Boards, Candles, Kerosene Oil 125 Degrees fire test, Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Prunes 10c lb, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Currants, crackers, flavoring extracts; inflect everything kept in a First Class Grocery House.

WILL SELL FOR CASH

and hence, their customers do not have to pay an extra per cent. to cover bad debts. Give us a trial and be convinced that the

PARRS

have a handsome and well assorted Stock of New goods at remarkably low prices.

ED. G. CALDWELL,

(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Cheating and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Marazita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Cane, Imported Chew Chow, Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety.

ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese.

ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.

Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tinware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers prices at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A BLESSING TO MOTHERS

There will be no necessity for mothers leaving the comforts of home, with their sick babies, this summer, if they will give Dr. Moffet's Teething Tablets. These Tablets will regulate the bowels and make Teething easy. It cures cholera Infantum and Summer complaints of children, heals eruptions and sores, removes and prevents the formation of worms. Wm. M. Nesbit and all Druggists keep it.

Jan 18.

Ayer's American Almanac is now ready for delivery by the druggists, and we are free to say that we have read this welcome visitor with satisfaction and profit. It contains all kinds of information necessary to a well regulated household, and shows how to treat nearly all the diseases from which people suffer. It invariably recommends the best remedies to be employed, irrespective of Ayer's Family Medicine, and furnishes the best medical advice by which a great majority of ailments can be treated successfully. The anecdotes, witticisms and jokes are the best compilation that comes under our notice and the book is a refreshing contribution to our enjoyments every year.

Jan 18.

The Roper Mineral Well

IS LOCATED 3 MILES EAST OF GREENVILLE, ALABAMA.

For the information of persons desiring to use the Roper Well Water, I will state some of the cures it has effected: Dyspepsia in its worst form, Chronic Diarrhoea, Diabetes, or any derangement of the Urinary Organs, Sick or nervous headache, long continued Stomach Sores or Eruption of the skin, Ulceration of the Womb and Bilious Colic. It is also one of the most strengthening Tonics in use. The following is analysis of the water made by Prof. W. W. Seaboard, of the College of Medicine, University of Alabama: The amount of water used was one litre, which is a little more than one quart. The litre is equal to one quart, a five thousand six hundred and seven, Ten Thousandths of a Quart, (1,057 quarts) bearing in mind the difference between the litre and the quart, we can estimate the strength of the water.

One litre was found to contain—

Sulphuric Acid	84 Grains.
Free Oxide	27 1/2 "
" " "	" " "
Calcic	10 7/10 "
Potassic	2 1/10 "
" " "	" " "
Magnetic	4 1/10 "
Sodium	3 1/10 "
Silicic	23 "
Carbonic Acid	5 7/10 "

The Price of the Roper Mineral Well Water is \$1 per Gallon.

GREENVILLE, ALA., July 1878.—I am glad to inform you that the use of one gallon of your Mineral Water has cured my mother of Chronic Diarrhoea. It was a case of eight years standing. The best medical aid had failed to arrest it. Very Respectfully,

P. N. WEATHERLY.

SAND RIDGE, ALA., June 29 1878.—Miss Roper & McCull, Proprietors of Mineral Well, This is to certify that for five years I have been afflicted with Diabetes with Tetters on the head which had covered it. I have spent much money in remedies and for prescriptions from our physicians, but all without any good result. I heard of you well and concluded to try it. I did so and 17 bushels Eastern seed Irish potatoes cheap. I used it for some weeks—an hour fully and completely free from Tetters. I give you this certificate, which you can use as you see proper.

GREENVILLE, ALA., July 1878.—I have been using the Roper Well Water for Diabetes and Dyspepsia, from which diseases I have been suffering for many years (particularly the latter) and am now proud to say from its use I have received the greatest benefits, and further certify that it has been used in my family for chronic sore throat and catarrh to great advantage.

Direct all orders to ROPER & McCALL, Greenville, Alabama.

Feb 23—3m.

W. M. W. HARRISON, Physician & Surgeon, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

For information in regard to any of the Lands mentioned below, parties can apply to the undersigned either by letter or in person. Letters of either buyers or sellers promptly and cheerfully answered. Parties with the means and the desire to purchase will be shown any lands and advised at the expense of the undersigned. Those having lands to sell are invited to communicate with him, when commission for selling, directions for writing advertisement, etc. will be given.

L. W. GHANT, Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

100 acres—45 in cultivation—good 850 frame 2 room dwelling and out buildings—well in yard—turning water—about 1/2 mile from town—2000 ft. of land and range for cattle, hogs &c.—schools and churches convenient. This place is 3 miles from White Plains and 9 miles from Jacksonville, and will be sold for \$850, half cash, balance in 12 months.

\$2,000. TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, specially improved, heavily timbered and well watered. It is situated on the Jacksonville and Gadsden road, seven miles from Gadsden. Daily mail both ways. One of the most desirable places in the county. Terms made known on application.

\$1,700.—THE undersigned offers for sale a large lot in a FARM near Jacksonville for \$1,700. It contains over 100 acres of land, mostly cleared, good orchards, three good farm houses, one house, two barns (one freestone and one limestone), running water in every lot, and about 2000 ft. of land and range for cattle, hogs &c.—schools and churches convenient. This place is 3 miles from White Plains and 9 miles from Jacksonville, and will be sold for \$850, half cash, balance in 12 months.

\$4,000. THREE HUNDRED & twenty acres, situated on the Oxford Road, one mile from White Plains, Calhoun county, in the rich and fertile valley of Choctawhatchee. One hundred and forty acres in cultivation, balance well timbered. A running stream and two good wells, one good dwelling house, splendid ertis, stables, stock houses, tenant houses etc. on the place. Best adapted 2 cotton, but yields fine corn and wheat crops. The soil is rich and fertile. The place is well watered. A running stream and two good wells, one good dwelling house, splendid ertis, stables, stock houses, tenant houses etc. on the place. Best adapted 2 cotton, but yields fine corn and wheat crops. The soil is rich and fertile. The place is well watered. A running stream and two good wells, one good dwelling house, splendid ertis, stables, stock houses, tenant houses etc. on the place. Best adapted 2 cotton, but yields fine corn and wheat crops. The soil is rich and fertile. The place is well watered. 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21 & 23 North SIXTH St., Philadel

D. LANDBETH & SONS,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

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CHANCE.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed, a look uncast, or a thought unguessed; And now that were kindred may live apart, Never to meet or to know the truth, Never to know how heart best with heart, In the thin past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leap When o'er listless her tresses swept; As she leaved to give him the jasmine wreath She felt his breath, and her face flushed red With the passionate love that choked her breath.

And saddest he life now her youth is dead, A faded woman who waits for death, And murmurs a name beneath her breath, A cynical man who scorns and fears.

At woman and love in the open day, And at night time kisses with bitter tears, A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

His Second Choice.

Mark Smith was a widower of fifty-three, hale, hearty, and robust, and a snug sum in bank to add comfort to his declining years. Although he had, a few years previous, retired from active business life, yet he still carried on, in a small way, the business of a locksmith, which he had been engaged in from boyhood, as had his father before him. He had a small shop a short distance from his residence, where, with the assistance of his apprentice, he managed to keep his active mind employed by doing such little jobs as his friends and neighbors happened to give to him, and which, as he declared, kept the cobwebs of idleness from his brow.

He had a son—Albert by name—a noble, manly young fellow of twenty-six, having adopted the study of medicine, had for several months past been attending lectures at a prominent college in Philadelphia, but who, at the time I write, was spending the summer vacation at home with his father. Being an excellent musician, he spent a great part of his time (when not engaged at his books, to which he was greatly attached) either at the superb instrument in his father's house, or at the adjoining residence of Dr. Grey, a worthy physician, who had two charming daughters—Ella and Ada—aged respectively eighteen and twenty, both of whom were fine musicians.

Albert Smith and the two Grey girls had been brought up together from childhood—had been playmates and companions ever since they could walk alone, and now that they were grown up their youthful friendship was strengthened and endeared to them by a thousand never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences, and, on the part of Albert and Ada, bid fair to ripen into something far more abiding and enduring.

When Albert came to adopt medicine as his profession, Dr. Grey gave him all the assistance and advice in his power, and highly commended him for the course he had chosen for his path in life. Ella Grey was engaged to a worthy young man, a bookkeeper in a clothing house, and expected to be married the first of the year, if her intended should get the promotion that had been promised him. But Ada, the eldest, and down deep in his heart he kept before him the memory of the tender feeling he had for her. She was a trifle under the medium height, perfectly proportioned, and with lovely dark eyes that flashed and sparkled like diamonds, an exquisite complexion, and a little rose-bud mouth—she was as beautiful as a poet's dream, and it was not strange that she was beloved by all who knew her.

A maiden aunt of Albert's had always lived with her brother, and when his wife died she became his housekeeper, and endeavored to fill the place of the mother little Albert had lost, he being at that time only ten years old. She had succeeded admirably, and Albert had grown up to regard her with all the feelings of love and veneration that he would have entertained for his own mother had she lived.

Mark, naturally feeling lonesome in his large house, spent the greater part of his evenings at Dr. Grey's, and being also a finished musician, the evenings were generally pleasantly passed with music and song. For a long time he had been cogitating in his mind the policy of again marrying, and his eyes had fallen upon the lovely Ada, who, not having the slightest suspicion of what was in the old gentleman's mind, looked upon him more as a father than as a lover, and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for her young heart had long unconsciously been given to Albert.

One morning, at the breakfast table, Mark, after several ineffectual attempts, suddenly burst forth with:

"Albert, my boy, do you know, I have strong notions of getting married again."

Albert looked up in surprise. "Getting married again?"

"Yes, I think we could live a little—well, a great sight more comfortable, if we had some one here who would take more interest in things than Betsey does."

"I'm sure Aunt Betsey attends to everything that is necessary to our comfort," replied the young man.

"Oh, so she does," said his father, "so she does, but then, she is getting old—and—and, in fact, I don't see why things wouldn't be better by my marrying."

"Well, father, if you wish to marry again, of course I have no objections whatever—in fact, I should be more pleased than otherwise—but who is the

lady? I suppose you have chosen her?"

"Yes—that is, I—I have got my eyes on one," stammered the old man, coloring very red, "it's a lady that you know very well, and—and—in fact, you are very, very old friends, indeed."

"But, father, the lady's name?"

"Yes, yes," replied the old man hastily, "I am coming to that. It's—It's Doctor—that is—It's Ada Grey!"

And having blurted out his secret he dropped into his chair and mopped his bald head with a napkin. While Albert, upsetting his coffee over the snow-white cloth in his amazement, turned first red, then pale, and gasped out:

"Ada Grey!"

"Yes, to be sure—Ada Grey," replied the old man, regaining composure now that the cat was out. "Is there anything strange about that? She is a neat little housekeeper, and will make a good wife, and as you have known her so long and intimately I am sure you can have no objections to her on that score."

"No—certainly not," answered Albert, with lightened countenance. "But, then, she is so young, and—and—"

"Well, what of that?" sharply interrupted his father. "If I choose to marry a young woman is it anybody's business?"

"No, of course not," hastily replied his son. "But—but—I mean that—is—I supposed she would wish some one nearer her own age for a husband."

"Oh, nonsense, nothing of the sort. She is a sensible girl, and will see the advantage of such an offer at once. This evening I shall broach the subject to her, and will urge a speedy marriage if she accepts, which I am confident she will."

"Oh, then you have not yet offered yourself to her?" said Albert, his face brightening a little.

"No—but, then, there is no possibility of a refusal," answered his father, confidently. "I have not been hasty in concluding to take this step, but have done so after mature deliberation, and am well satisfied that she will make me the best wife I can get anywhere."

"No doubt but she would," replied Albert, rising and leaving the room.

"Is it possible," said he, as he gained his own room, "that father intends making such a fool of himself—or will he make a fool of himself? Perhaps she would marry him, after all! But pshaw! Impossible! She certainly cares for me—at least she has made me believe so; and now, when I thought I had gained the prize, to have it snatched from me, and by my own father, too; it will be hard to bear, indeed. I know what I will do," he suddenly exclaimed, "after a few moments of thought, I will go to her and learn the truth at once—even if by so doing I incur my father's displeasure—at least, they say, everything is fair in love and war. But who would have thought I should ever become my father's rival! Now, then, to decide my fate!"

Arriving at Dr. Grey's, he found Ada in the parlor at the piano practicing a new piece of music. As he entered she looked up with a pleased smile and a tell-tale blush on her cheek that made Albert's heart leap up in his throat. Being a straightforward young fellow, he did not go beating about the bush, but when she had ceased playing he led her to a seat, and then and there revealed his love, telling her how dear she was to him, and urging his suit only as a manly, impassioned young fellow like he could. What her answer was must have been highly satisfactory, for an hour afterward her sister Ella came into the parlor and surprised them sitting on the sofa in a very suspicious manner—her head upon his shoulder and his arm around her waist.

That evening Mark Smith dressed himself in his best suit of broadcloth, gave an extra touch to his toilet by putting an ounce of pomade on his scanty locks of hair, and wended his way to the residence of the fair Ada.

Seating himself at the side of his innamorata, and after fidgeting and stammering about on one subject and another—he at length unburdened himself thus:

"Miss Ada, I—I'm thinking of marrying again."

"Indeed!" was her reply, a mischievous light in her eyes. "What does your son think of that?"

"What does he think of it, eh? Why, he has no business to think at all—or, at least, if he does he is satisfied; and why shouldn't he be?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought he might possibly object."

"No, indeed, not he. He seems very well satisfied with the lady I have selected."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," he continued, "you see I am getting tired of living the way I do, with no one but Betsey about the house, and she is getting old and childish. What I want is a woman who will bring sunshine into my house, besides being a thrifty housekeeper. I have, after long deliberation and search, found just the one to whom I would be willing to give my heart and hand, and—and—"

As he hitched his chair nearer—"I have come to—that is—come to—to ask you to—to be my wife," and he caught her hand and placed it on his heart.

"To be your wife!" exclaimed Ada, in surprise. "Why, Mr. Smith, you cannot really mean it!"

"Indeed—indeed I do!" he cried, as he dropped on his knees, still clasping her hand. "I know that I am somewhat older than you, but then I love you, and

will try to make you a good husband."

"I know you are sincere in what you say, Mr. Smith, and I feel very grateful for the honor you have conferred upon me, but it is impossible for me to accept your offer as I am already engaged to your son!"

"Engaged to my son?" gasped Mark.

"Impossible!" And so great was his surprise and emotion that he was compelled to lean against the table for support.

"I am sorry to have so greatly disappointed your hopes, Mr. Smith; but, indeed, I never could have loved you as I ought my husband, and I do so love Albert. You will not mind it so much, will you?" she continued, coaxingly laying her hand on his arm.

Without a word, Mark groped for his hat in a dazed sort of way, and staggered from the room and the house, and it was not till the cool night air revived him that he could bring himself to think of what had occurred.

"Oh, fool that I was!" he muttered to himself, "not to have foreseen this. Oh, I was blind—infernally blind, not to have seen that she cared for the young and not the old man. And that confounded jackanapes knew this all the time, and yet would not save me this humiliation. Oh! I will never forgive him—never!"

But he did forgive him. Through Ada's gentle pleadings, and his own sober second thoughts, he took the right view of the matter and brought himself to believe that he had indeed made an "old fool" of himself; and that it was better perhaps to have Ada in the house even as a daughter than not to have her there at all.

After Albert and Ada were married, which took place in a short time, they became domiciled in the Smith home, and Mark, with a look of contentment and resignation upon his rubicund features, often says that it is now something like having home comfort again.

The Cold Wave.

The climate of the United States, and especially the eastern portion of it, is subject to great and rapid changes. These are caused, in many instances, by the large extent of land surface over which its territory extends and the difference in the amount of solar heat received in different parts. When large bodies of snow have been deposited in the north the wind sweeping over them is deprived of its heat, and a lower temperature is the result. When winds from more southerly latitudes occur, the reverse takes place. The vicinity of the large ocean which margin the continent of North America on the West and East also tend to produce a change, water parting with its heat less readily than the land. In addition to these the current of warm water thrown along the east coast of the United States by Gulf Stream, and in the Pacific by the Sea of Japan, also exert a powerful influence on the climate of the United States. That waves of heat and cold travel in certain directions, and often with increasing rapidity, is generally caused by the course of chains of mountains and the vicinity of oceans and lakes. In the states east of the Alleghenies clouds loaded with rain or snow generally come from the East or North, while in the great valley of the Mississippi the cold wave usually has its origin in the ice and snow covered countries direct north, and periods of drouth by winds from the South. Our winters, probably, have not so much severe weather as occurred in the early settlement of the continent, but it takes place more suddenly and to a greater extent. This is easily accounted for, as the land, denuded of timber, presents less obstruction to the advance of storms and also affords a greater diversity of exposure in its surface to the rays of the sun and becomes more readily and differently heated. As is well known, wind is nothing more than air rushing in to restore the equilibrium which has been disturbed by an expansion caused by heat, and when the air thus moving is loaded with snow or other vapor this, when meeting with air of different temperature, condensation takes place and rain or snow is deposited.

How to Prosper in Business.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity. Be not afraid to work with your own hand and diligently too. "A out in gloves catches no mice," "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes." Attend to your business; never trust to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled." Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove." Rise early. "Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep." Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners insure success." Never anticipate wealth from any source but labor; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race." Above all things never despair.

Never betray a confidence.

Hide the faults of others.

How Gretchen Caught a Fairy.

In a moment they came out, "The elf then set up a stick to mark the place, and, putting a little horn that hung at his side to his lips, blew a long blast. Then they hastened back to the woods. In a few moments the other fairies, who had heard the sound of the horn, came hurrying in, and soon they were all assembled in the open place. The elf stood up on the rocks once more, and told them what Gretchen and he had seen, and asked what means should be taken to get back their queen, now that they had found a way into the hill. They thought of several plans, and finally decided what to do. They were afraid to let down a rope, for fear the trolls should see it. So they took the queen's crown, which she only wore on great occasions, and fastened a piece of steel into the top. Then they fastened a large magnet on the end of a strong pole, and Gretchen and her friend and about half a dozen other fairies started with them for the opening in the hill.

They intended to drop the crown at the queen's feet, and then, if she should take it up and fasten it upon her head, they would hold the magnet over her and draw her up to them (just as a magnet attracts a needle. You have seen that done, I guess). They entered the hole. The six fairies held the pole all ready, and the elf, after peering cautiously down into the hole, dropped the crown right at the queen's feet.

The queen saw it and picked it up. She looked around to see where it came from; but could not see the elf, who was still looking down, as the top of the cave was so dark. She held it a moment, and then was about to place it on her head when the troll king came by. She tried to hide it; but he had already seen it and took it out of her hands. He examined it in great wonder, and the other trolls gathered round and looked on curiously. Then the king put the bright golden crown on his own sooty head and fastened it there.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he laughed, as he thrust out his legs and put his thumbs in the armpoles of his waistcoat and wiggled his fingers. "Ho! ho! ho! What a king am I!" "Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the other trolls (for they always laughed when the king did). Then the elf, who was looking down from above, motioned to the others; and they pushed the end of the pole out over the king's head. Before he had time to laugh again he found himself rising swiftly through the air, till his head struck against the magnet so hard that it made all his teeth chatter; and then he was held fast. The fairies drew him in through the hole and tied his hands and feet. Then the elf looked over at the frightened trolls, who were looking up to see where their king was gone, and putting his finger against the side of his nose, he laughed "ho! ho! ho!" But the trolls did not laugh any more, for they had lost their king. Then the elf told them if they would bring back the fairy queen they should have their king again. This they agreed to do, and that evening when the fairies were all assembled in the woods, the trolls came bringing back their queen.

Then the troll king was untied, and the trolls and fairies agreed not to fight any more. So the war between them ended.

But now Gretchen said she must return home. The fairies wanted her to stay and live with them; but she thought of her home, and Franz, and the garden, were they played together, and would not stay. So her guide flew back with her to the garden, and then said good-bye and left her.

When Gretchen told Franz about her visit to the fairies, he laughed, and said she must have fallen asleep under the lilac bush and dreamed it. But Gretchen knows it was not a dream.

Dust and Sunbeams.

"George, did you ever see a sunbeam?"

"What? Sunbeam? Yes of course, I have. There is one now coming through the shutter."

"Be careful now," said Uncle Harry. "How do you know that?"

"Why, don't you see that stream of dust?"

"Yes, but if the dust were not there, how would you know it?"

George was puzzled.

"The truth is," continued his uncle, "we never see sunbeams at all; and, what is still more curious, we never see light."

"O uncle! How can that be? Do I not see light when I look straight at a burning lamp?"

"You see flame," answered his instructor, "and this is only smoke heated very hot. You know that smoke is a kind of very fine dust; and as you cannot see what lies behind the dust in the sunbeam and makes it visible, even so you cannot see what lies back of flame dust and renders it so. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think I do," answered George. "And now, Uncle Harry, what is there so remarkable about the dust in the sunbeam? Our teacher said to-day that there were some wonderful facts connected with it."

"There are," replied his uncle. "Ask him what they are to-morrow, and then tell me what you have learned. You will remember it better than if I told you now."

"Well, George, what did Mr. Weston, your teacher, tell you about the dust floating in the sunbeam?" asked Uncle Harry of his nephew the next evening.

"O, a great deal! So much I do not

know where to begin," replied George.

"He gave us quite a lecture about it this afternoon. He said that the dust of which the individual specks were visible, was not remarkable at all. Tidy housekeepers would find very little of this ordinarily floating about in the air of their parlors. But he said that if we exclude all the light from a room

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

An Object of Christian Charity.

In company with Mr. J. J. Wilson, of this place, we visited, last Sabbath, Mrs. Ables, the victim of the brutal assault of "Libert Ragan, the negro who paid the penalty of his crime with his life in this place some weeks ago." We found her still living, though hanging on the very borders of death. She was delicious as she has been constantly since the assault. Her face presented a shocking appearance, and the intentions in her forehead told plainly where the cruel meek in the hands of the black "band had done its work. The cottage, or rather hut, in which she lives presented an appearance of extreme poverty, and we learned from some kind neighbors who were present that she and her little family had been entirely dependent on the bounty of the charitable since her terrible misfortune. She was stricken down Mrs. Ables was poor in this world's goods, but with an honest, self-reliant and industrious woman. She cultivated a little "patch" of ground, and on it raised a sufficiency of food to supply her modest wants. The animal she used for plowing her land was a mule cow, which she worked through the day and milked in the evening. We were shown the animal—a meek, gentle looking creature, bearing the marks of the yoke plainly on its neck. The lady was in search of food for this mule of her little family when she was attacked and reduced to her present pitiable condition. From this it will be seen that before her misfortune she and her family were poor indeed; but since the dreadful assault that deprived her at once of reason and strength of arm, they are doubly poor, and their condition appeals most strongly to the sympathies of the charitable. So far the needs of the family have been supplied by kind neighbors, with some outside help from this place and Gadsden; but this has not been more than sufficient to supply their immediate wants. Until the death or recovery of the lady, the family will be dependent on outside help. She cannot be moved, and therefore cannot be taken under the care of the county, we learn. We would therefore suggest to the ministers of the various churches throughout the county to take up a charitable subscription in their churches for the relief of this stricken household, and send the amounts given to Judge Cannon, who will see that it reaches the object for which it is designed. They could do nothing, we imagine more pleasing in the sight of their Master, who was himself among the humblest of the poor—the friend of the forsaken—the comforter of the wretched—and whose blessed life was spent in the alleviation of sorrow and mitigation of distress.

The case is one that should appeal, in an especial manner, most powerfully to the sympathies of woman, and we trust that the women of Calhoun will see to it that this deserving, but unfortunate family do not suffer. In the absence of church subscriptions, any party, who may feel so disposed, can make contributions either in money or provisions, and as we have before said, Judge Cannon will see to it that everything so contributed reaches the object for which it is designed.

The Democrats in the House held out firm to the last for the repeal of the jurors' test act; the law authorizing Federal supervisors of elections, and the consequence is an extra session of Congress. When the new Congress meets on the 18th of this month both the Senate and House will be democratic, and these infamous laws will be repealed without the help of Radical votes.

Alabama is at last rid of that colossal carpet-bag scoundrel, Gen. E. Spencer.

The Radical party vacated the Federal Capitol March 31. The Democratic party takes possession March 18th.

Federal Judges who have been pushing political persecutions in their courts have hastily closed the same, and are now as amiable as can be. They became alarmed at Democratic threats of impeachment. Let every Federal Judge who has shown a political bias be impeached. Bruce may look to his heels.

The closing hours of Congress were noisy and riotous beyond description.

The Legislature is still catching "hail-columbia" from the State press. The few defenders plant themselves on the ground that it could have done more harm than it did, and ought to be ended to that extent.

Oh! that salary grab.

SENATORIAL BEVERAGES.

Since the restaurant below, says Don Fiat in The Capital, has had all liquor eliminated from it, the Senators have been forced to provide for themselves.

We had occasion to see a Senator the other day, and sending our name in, we were invited in the cloak-room. Our esteemed friend noting that we looked weary, proposed a drink, and forthwith began rummaging through the closets. Pulling out a bottle, he drew the cork, and giving it a sniff, said: "Hamph, that's Perry's gin!" The next bottle brought out: "That's Barnside's brandy!" Another, "That's Dawes' apple-jack!" Another, "That's Hamlin's rum!" Yet another, "That's Hoar's medicated bitters." Where the devil is that whiskey? Ah! here we are.

Radical Fools on Jeff. Davis.

The U. S. Senate having under consideration the arrears of pensions bill, the debate took a wide range and afforded several Radical Senators a fine opportunity to make fools of themselves, as the following congressional proceedings will show:

Washington, D. C. March 3.—Senate: When the motion to reconsider the bill making appropriation to pay arrears of pensions was agreed to, Hoar offered an amendment that no pension shall ever be paid under this act to Jeff. Davis, late President of the so-called Confederacy. Hoar said the name in his proviso had not been singled out by any selection of his own, or from any person who agreed with him politically. The name had been selected by Davis himself, by his own act in marked and conspicuous character by an attack on the life of the country which educated him. That gentleman had never given utterance to an expression of regret for such attack, nor had he followed the example of so many of his associates by asking Congress to remove his political disabilities. He spurned the clemency of the Republic to day. It is now proposed to put the name of this person whose treason had not been repented of, on the pension rolls of the country and to tax loyal widows and orphans to pay the pension. (Bry, you ass.)

Garland said he did not know what motive the Senator from Massachusetts had in introducing his amendment, but it was a curious spectacle to exhibit to the American people at this late hour of the day, while the Government pensions Longstreet by a small postoffice in Georgia, a Republican Administration sent Gov. Orr as Minister to Russia, and Mosby, who boasted that he was the Marion in the second war, to China as Consul. He felt satisfied that Jefferson Davis would scorn the pension. That gentleman did not ask it. He had served under Mr. Davis in a civil capacity. Mr. Davis was a gallant soldier in the Mexican war. His services were on record, and although they did not surpass, they equaled those of Greece and Rome.

Mr. Shields took a different view from both sides. He thought that singling out Jefferson Davis from ten millions of people in the South was giving him distinction greater than he deserved.

Mr. Lamar replying to Hoar, said he must confess his surprise and regret that the Senator from Massachusetts should have wantonly and without provocation flung this insult.

The Chair, one Edmunds, called the Senator to order for this language.

Mr. Lamar—I suppose it is in order to fling insults, but out of order for those who are insulted to hurl back the blow. I appeal from the decision of the Chair. The question being taken, the decision of the Chairman was overruled. Yeas 15, nays 27.

Lamar proceeded, eulogizing Davis and protesting against attempts to single him out for obloquy from among the body of the Southern people who had chosen him for their leader in a cause dear alike to him and all his followers.

The debate was continued by Hoar, Blaine, Lamar and others.

Chandler (fool Zack) said that eighteen years ago he and Jeff. Davis came into the Senate together, and both at the same time swore to support the Constitution of the United States. Davis had come from Pierce's Cabinet and when he took the oath there was treason in his heart and perjury on his lips. He took the oath to support a government he meant to overthrow. He (Chandler) considering the conduct of Davis during the war, did not expect to hear eulogies on Jeff. Davis on the floor of the Senate.

He was surprised to hear them, especially as every man, woman and child in the North believed Jeff. Davis to be a double dyed traitor.

Coke said that Davis was not worse than he was and very many others of the Southern people, who selected him as their leader. He was not ashamed to vote for Davis any more than he was to vote for any other man or on any other subject. I was, said Coke, as much of a rebel as Jeff. Davis.

After further discussion, in which Messrs. Gordon, Windom, Ransom and others participated, the last named saying that Mexican veterans amendment was voted in with the aid of eight Republican votes, and that the bill was passed with fourteen Republicans voting for it. But for Republicans, he wanted it to be understood, the bill would now be the law of the land.

Hoar's amendment to exclude Jeff. Davis was agreed to yeas 25, nays 22. The vote was then taken on the amendment of Shields to pension Mexican soldiers as amended by Hoar, and was disagreed to by 29 to 25. The bill then passed by 44 to 3.

The Alabama Legislature is not the only foolish one in the land. That of Texas has enacted that all trains shall halt thirty minutes before crossing the State line, probably to give the line time to get out of the way, or to warn passengers to hold fast to their noses and

BUTLER IN THE BREACH.

Of all the men in Congress we should expect to throw himself in the unkind breach existing between the sections, Benjamin F. Butler, formerly known as Beast Butler. But even so it is, and so he did, and in a manner which no doubt will, as said, "make the organs screech." The New York World suggests that it will not always do to take the General seriously, and that his usual object in politics is "to keep things lively," and that his suggestion sounds like a deliberate box on the ear administered to the Northern Democrats who are daily laying themselves open to the suspicion of working to retain an undue prominence in the Democratic party by playing on the Southern over estimate of anti-Southern feeling in the North.

A special to the World, speaking of the sensation that was created in the House by the remarks of Butler says: "He did not inform the House how to get rid of the prohibition of such payment under the fourth section of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which also excludes any State as well as the United States."

But this is what the Philadelphia Times says of it:

The Confederate brigadier, so much dreaded by the organs, has turned up in Congress at last, and his name is Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. After an unusual interval of silence this extraordinary statesman got on his feet yesterday and made a speech—and a right good speech, too—in favor of peace and reconciliation and other desirable things. He didn't believe in Southern claims. They only stirred up bad blood and revived old memories that ought to be effaced. The brave people of the North and the brave people of the South had suffered from the losses of war and they had met their losses, and now they ought to forget them. This much has been said before; but the Massachusetts statesman, warming up to his subject, went on to suggest an idea that will make the organs screech. If we could put all these distracting claims out of the way, he said, the time was not far distant "when the feeling of brotherhood would take into the charge of the government the maimed and disabled soldiers of the Southern army, remembering their courage, their steadfastness and their gallantry, and forgetting the mistaken judgment which made them fight upon the side they did." Mr. Butler would seem to be about the most thoroughly reconstructed man in the whole crowd. Just what has set him off on this mission of fraternity is not explained, but it has often been remarked that when Butler goes into anything he goes all the way, and it will be hard for anybody to make a higher bid than this for Southern terms. Possibly the General is only a little in advance of his time: more probably he is unnecessarily open hearted just now; but no one can accuse him of a lack of courage, and it is scarcely surprising that the astonished Kiefer could find no words in which to express his feelings, save the insane remark that a man who would suggest the possibility of pensioning Southern soldiers would be in favor of putting a Confederate into the Cabinet, which Kiefer has probably regarded hitherto as the utmost stretch of villainy.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

The father and the mother of Stanton, the Superintendent of the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, killed in the late bridge accident, the one from Ohio and the other from Philadelphia, hastened to him by the quickest route and with the least delay. One arrived before he breathed his last and the other, after, but in time to see him laid away in his last resting place. The parents went thus for the first time in thirty years. Long years ago, they separated and were divorced, and young Stanton took his mother's maiden surname. Both his parents were re-married, and to make the strange occurrence still more singular, they were both accompanied on the sad pilgrimage by their respective mates. And thus happened, probably the strangest meeting that ever occurred at a death-bed scene.

[Meridian Mercury.]

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, of recent date, says:

For Clerk of the House of Representatives, the prevailing opinion now is that ex-Congressman John H. Caldwell, of Alabama will be the successful candidate. He came within a few votes of receiving the nomination two years ago as Clerk of the present House and his friends are now confident of his nomination. Col. Caldwell was a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, and ranks as one of the leading members of the bar of his State, and his rare qualifications for the position are conceded by all.

As though it were not enough that we have just got rid of that nincompoop Legislature! Now we are threatened with a visit from

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.

STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. Letters of administration on the estate of John Maddox deceased, having been granted to the undersigned as general administrator on the 14th day of March, 1879, by the Hon. J. W. Cannon Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be bound.

C. W. BREWTON, General Admr.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. Probate Court of Calhoun County. Letters testamentary under the last will and testament of Elizabeth Prater deceased, having been granted to the undersigned on the 4th day of March, 1879, by the Hon. J. W. Cannon Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be bound.

W. B. GREEN, Executor.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. Probate Court for said County. Special Term, March 3d 1879. This day came T. J. Morgan, guardian of the person and estate of a minor, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his said guardianship. It is ordered that the 31st day of March, 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of an order issued by the Judge of the Probate Court in and for Calhoun County, Ala. on the 6th day of March 1879, the undersigned as executor of the last will and testament of Eliza A. Prater, deceased, will proceed to sell the personal property belonging to the estate of said deceased, at her late residence six miles north of Jacksonville, on the 18th day of March 1879, to-wit: One lot of land, containing five dollars each, over five dollars, credit until 25th day of December next. Notes required with good and approved securities. Said personally owned by said deceased, one cow, one horse, one mule, one cow and yearling, and many other things.

W. B. GREEN, Executor.

TAX NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. To owner unknown—Precinct No. 13. The tax collector has filed in my office a list of delinquent tax payers, and of real estate upon which taxes are due. You are reported as a delinquent, and the following lands or lots are reported as assessed to you, to-wit: Southeast quarter of northeast quarter, section 11, township 16, range 8—50 acres. This is to notify you to appear before me on Monday the 14th day of April 1879 then and there to show cause why a decree for the sale of said lands or lots should not be made for the amount of one dollar and 50 cents and charges thereon, due from you for State and county taxes.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

TAX NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. To owner unknown—Precinct No. 4. The tax collector has filed in my office a list of delinquent tax payers, and of real estate upon which taxes are due. You are reported as a delinquent, and the following lands or lots are reported as assessed to you, to-wit: East half of northeast quarter, section 23 township 16, range 8—50 acres. This is to notify you to appear before me on the 14th day of April 1879 then and there to show cause why a decree for the sale of said lands or lots should not be made for the amount of one dollar and 50 cents and charges thereon, due from you for State and county taxes.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

TAX NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. To owner unknown—Precinct No. 8. The tax collector has filed in my office a list of delinquent tax payers, and of real estate upon which taxes are due. You are reported as a delinquent, and the following lands or lots are reported as assessed to you, to-wit: East half of northeast quarter, section 23 township 16, range 8—50 acres. This is to notify you to appear before me on the 14th day of April 1879 then and there to show cause why a decree for the sale of said lands or lots should not be made for the amount of one dollar and 50 cents and charges thereon, due from you for State and county taxes.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

TAX NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. To owner unknown—Precinct No. 12. The tax collector has filed in my office a list of delinquent tax payers, and of real estate upon which taxes are due. You are reported as a delinquent, and the following lands or lots are reported as assessed to you, to-wit: North half of Section 22, township 15, range 8—216 acres. This is to notify you to appear before me on Monday the 14th day of April 1879, then and there to show cause why a decree for the sale of said lands or lots should not be made for the amount of twenty-eight dollars and cents, and charges thereon, due from you for State and county taxes.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

TAX NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. To owner unknown—Precinct No. 5. The tax collector has filed in my office a list of delinquent tax payers, and of real estate upon which taxes are due. You are reported as a delinquent, and the following lands or lots are reported as assessed to you, to-wit: Fraction "B", Section 4, Township 13, range 7—40 acres. This is to notify you to appear before me on Monday the 14th day of April, 1879, then and there to show cause why a decree for the sale of said lands or lots should not be made for the amount of \$1.44, and charges thereon, due from you for State and county taxes.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court for said County. Special Term, February, 22nd 1879. This day came Charles Martin, administrator of the estate of Loving Martin deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate. It is ordered that the 22nd day of March, 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

NOTICE.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, February 25th 1879. It is hereby ordered by the Mayor and Council that an election be held at the court house on Monday, March 3d, for the purpose of electing a Mayor, and five Council-men for the ensuing year. Said election to be held under the existing State laws.

GOVERNING ELECTIONS. We hereby appoint and empower W. H. Fleming, G. W. Arnold and D. J. Privett, a Board of managers to hold said election, and appoint J. M. Caldwell and Robert Arnold Clerks, and J. L. Mattison Rt. Officer.

J. D. HAMMOND, Mayor.

GUANO.

AT OLD PRICES. The undersigned would respectfully inform the farmers of Calhoun and surrounding counties, that he has ready for delivery

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO, which will sell at the rate of one ton for \$500 his middling brand, delivered Nov. 1st, 1879. Also Acid Phosphate for composting, at cheap rates. Call on J. D. HAMMOND, Jacksonville Ala.

ANNUAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. Probate Court for said County. Special Term Feb. 18 1879. This day came W. B. Green, administrator of the estate of J. B. Prater, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for an annual settlement of his said administration thereof. It is ordered by the Court that the 18th day of March 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY. Probate Court for said County. Special Term Feb. 1879. This day came P. H. Brothers guardian of the estate of Frank Bayley a minor and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his said guardianship. It is ordered that the 17th day of March 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

Carriage and Wagon MANUFACTORY.

The undersigned having bought the building formerly occupied by W. H. Fleming as a wagon shop, will henceforth carry on at that stand the business of carriage and wagon making, repairing, and painting, and will have on hand and for sale all kinds of carriages, and will repair vehicles of all kinds, and paint new work in good style, with lasting material. J. H. PHIVETT, January 18 1879.

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that I have sold my business of carriage and wagon making and repairing, together with the premises on which I formerly did business, to Mr. Joe H. Privett, of Jacksonville, who will conduct in future. I most cheerfully recommend him to my old customers as one fully qualified to do good work at reasonable prices. W. H. FLEMING.

The Roper Mineral Well

IS LOCATED 3 MILES EAST OF GREENVILLE, ALABAMA. For the information of persons desiring to use the Roper Well Water, I will state some of the cures it has effected: Dyspepsia in its worst form, Chronic Diarrhoea, Diabetes, or an enlargement of the Urinary Organs, Sick or Nervous Headache of long standing, Piles, Sores or Eruption of the skin, Ulceration of the Womb and Billious Colic. It is also one of the most strengthening Tonics in use. The following is analysis of the water made by Prof. W. C. Stubbs of A. M. College, of Alabama: The amount of water used was one litre, which is a little more than an ounce. The litre is equal to one quart, five hundredths and hundredths. Ten thousandths of a Quart, (1.0000 quarts). Bearing in mind the difference between the litre and the quart we can estimate the strength of the water. One litre was found to contain—

Sulphuric Acid .843 Grains. Ferric Oxide .272 " Potash " 17.5 " Calcium " 10-10 " Potassic " 44 " Sodium " 4-10 " Chlorine " 2-5 " Silica " 23 " Carbonic Acid 5-7-10 "

The Price of the Roper Mineral Well Water is \$1 per Gallon. Greenville Ala., Oct 9th, 1878. Messrs Roper & McCall, Gentl—I am glad to inform you that the use of one gallon of your Mineral Water has cured my mother of Chronic Diarrhoea. It was a case of eight years standing. The best medical aid had failed to arrest it. Very Respectfully, N. W. WEATHERLY.

SANDY RIDGE, ALA., June 20 1878. Messrs. Roper & McCall, Proprietors of Mineral Well, This is to certify that for five years I have been terribly afflicted with rheumatism in the head which had covered it completely free from Tetter. I gave you this certificate, which you can use as you see proper. J. D. GAFFORD.

GREENVILLE, ALA., July 10 1878. Messrs McCall & Roper This is to certify that during the last six months I have been using the Roper Well Water for Diabetes and Dyspepsia, from which diseases I have been suffering for many years (particularly the latter) and am now proud to say from its use I have received the greatest benefit, and further certify that it has been used in my family for chronic sore throat and catarrh of great advantage. J. W. MALLITT.

Direct all orders to ROOPER & McCALL, Greenville, Alabama.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively diseased.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, in cases of AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better remedy has ever been used, preparatory to taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL. For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

REMARKS ON Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS have the signatures of McLANE and FLEMING, on the wrapper. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming & Bros., of Philadelphia, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, and of different but most unskillful imitations.

TAX ASSESSORS NOTICE.

NOTICE! F I R S T C O U N D. The Tax payers of Calhoun County will please present me on the days and at the places mentioned below, for the purpose of assessing their taxes for the year 1879.

Precinct No 7 Hollingsworth's Court Ground, Monday February 17 1879. Precinct No 6 Pucks Hill, Tuesday and Wednesday February 18-19 1879. Precinct No 5 Polkville, Thursday February 20. Precinct No 14 Sulphur Springs, Friday February 21. Precinct No 4 Gannaway's School House, Saturday February 22. Precinct No 2 Alexandria, Monday and Tuesday February 24-25. Precinct No 3 Weaver's Station, Wednesday February 26. Precinct No 3 June Bug Court Ground, Thursday February 27. Precinct No 1 Jacksonville, Friday February 28. Precinct No 8 Green's School House, Saturday March 1. Precinct No 13 Anniston, Monday March 3. Precinct No 13 Oxford, Tuesday and Wednesday March 4-5. Precinct No 13 Centre, Thursday March 6. Precinct No 12 Davisville, Friday March 7. Precinct No 11 White Plains, Saturday March 8. Precinct No 9 Cross Plains, Monday March 10. Precinct No 13 Ladiga, Tuesday March 11. Precinct No 10 Rabbit Town, Wednesday March 12, 1879.

POSTPONED.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of three writs issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun County, and to me directed—one in favor of J. C. Francis and against A. Woods, one in favor of Wm. H. Forney and A. Woods, and against A. Woods, and one in favor of Oscar Crook and against A. Woods.

I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, Calhoun County, Alabama, within the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in April, 1879, that being 7th day, the following described property, to-wit: One house and lot in the town of Jacksonville Ala. bounded as follows: East by the Jacksonville and Rome road, North by Mrs. E. Martin's land, west by Thos. Pitts and A. B. Clark's lots, south by J. W. Burke's place—known as the Alexander Woods residence, containing eighteen acres more or less; also one house and lot in the town of Jacksonville Ala. bounded as follows: South by Dupre street, west by an alley, northern boundary unknown, and east by A. Griffin's place—now occupied by P. J. Hines, containing seven acres more or less. The above lots being and lying in Section 11, Township 14 Range 8. Also one undivided half interest in the Woods & Clark mill, bounded on the north by B. G. Douthett's place, east and south by E. L. Woodward's lands and on the west by the lands of John A. Roper, and lying in Section 14, Township 14 and Range 8. Levied upon as the property of Alexander Woods, to satisfy said writs.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff, Calhoun County.

Per J. L. MATTHEW Deputy.

"BLU MOUNTAIN ROUTE"

Change of Schedule. R. & D. R. R. Having effect Sunday, June 9th, 1879.

Mail Trains Daily.

No. 1, North. Stations. No. 2, South. 4.40 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 6.00 p. m. 6.38 a. m. ... Randolph, La. ... 7.05 p. m. 7.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 8.00 p. m. 8.15 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 8.30 p. m. 8.40 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 8.55 p. m. 9.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 9.15 p. m. 9.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 9.40 p. m. 9.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 9.55 p. m. 10.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 10.15 p. m. 10.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 10.40 p. m. 10.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 10.55 p. m. 11.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 11.15 p. m. 11.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 11.40 p. m. 11.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 11.55 p. m. 12.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 12.15 p. m. 12.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 12.40 p. m. 12.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 12.55 p. m. 1.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 1.15 p. m. 1.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 1.40 p. m. 1.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 1.55 p. m. 2.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 2.15 p. m. 2.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 2.40 p. m. 2.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 2.55 p. m. 3.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 3.15 p. m. 3.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 3.40 p. m. 3.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 3.55 p. m. 4.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 4.15 p. m. 4.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 4.40 p. m. 4.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 4.55 p. m. 5.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 5.15 p. m. 5.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 5.40 p. m. 5.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 5.55 p. m. 6.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 6.15 p. m. 6.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 6.40 p. m. 6.45 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 6.55 p. m. 7.00 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 7.15 p. m. 7.25 a. m. ... Jacksonville ... 7.40 p. m. 7.45 a. m

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 2187.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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ABOVE THE SPIRE.

Tell me why the swallows fly
Up into the cloudy sky?
Why they hover round the spire,
Wheeling lower, wheeling higher;
And, again their course repeating,
Now advancing, now retreating,
Till they, in a circling flight,
Soar for ever out of sight?
Mother, make me wings to fly,
Like the swallows in the sky;
Dancing, glancing, up on high,
Round the old church spire.

Summer swallows always go
When the bitter north winds blow,
And the heavy clouds are pouring,
Overthrowing rivers roaring,
Bearing down their pebbly courses
Like a troop of opening horses,
Onward to the open sea,
Ladly struggling to free!
Child, harkening to thee I fly,
Like the swallows in the sky;
Unknown lands there are on high,
Far above the spire!

Catching the Schoolmaster.

"Young and handsome!"

"Yes, just as nice as can be."

"Single?"

"Why, of course. He is too young to be married."

"Then let's see who'll catch him,"

laughed the pert girl of the village.

"You won't," said pretty Jessie Warner.

"And why not, I wonder?"

"Because I—I don't think he's the kind to be caught that way."

"Oh, you're going to try the coy and retiring young woman, are you?" said Frank.

"Her name was Frances."

"I'm not going to try anything," was the response. "He has only been here a few days."

"We'll see," said Frank, tossing her black curls. "They say he is studying law, and I mean to marry a lawyer if I can."

"The 'catching' had hitherto been done by the witty, nervous, much-enduring school-masters, made tyrants by the idleness and insolence, and insubordination of the larger scholars. They had 'caught' boys by the collar; 'caught' the older girls reading novels under cover of well-thumbed school books; caught them writing love letters, instead of composition, and held them up to the ridicule of the school. One who is always on the watch for mischief is sure to find it."

"This regime had passed away. A young and handsome man, a very Chesterfield in manners, had met the scholars as a gentleman meets young ladies and gentlemen, and now some of the girls declared, as no girl with self-respect would declare, that he was to be caught himself."

So enthusiastic, so really imbued with his work was he, that he easily inspired the best spirits in the school, so that they vied with each other in keeping up in their studies and in general good behavior."

But, strangely enough, the master seemed determined not to be 'caught.' In vain invitations poured upon him, to parties, to all the Baywood gayeties; in vain the nets were spread in his sight; in vain some of the young ladies dressed for him, smiled at him,—he was apparently insensible to all allurements. He could be seen only at school, in the street, or at church."

"He's just a poke," said Kate, pointing, "and I do hate a poke, young or old!"

One pleasant evening, several of the girls met together in the sitting-room of Deacon Tufts. Now the deacon was a cripple, and as he had been chosen postmaster, and could not go out to the office, the office came to him.

It was a pleasant room, and generally quite well filled with applicants for letters. As was often the case in these informal little meetings, the master was the subject under discussion.

"Have you caught him yet?" asked one of the girls of Frank, slyly.

"Oh, Jessie, here, seems to be the favorite," said Frank. "He has eyes only for her. Hope she appreciates the attention. He ought to be good to her, or maybe his supplies would be cut off."

"Of course I appreciate his kindness," said Jessie, with a laugh. "Why, only think! he's going to teach me French!"

"Indeed! The district doesn't pay him for giving you private lessons, though!" said Frank, almost angrily.

"Certainly not," replied Jessie, "but his time is his own out of school hours. Of course I will try to return his kindness."

"I don't doubt it; but pray tell us in what way?" asked Frank, ironically.

"Oh, I put flowers in his room to make it look cheerful, and on the table, or make a little bouquet for his coat,—that is, I did make one, 'at he wouldn't wear it," she added.

"Quite sentimental! You have the coast clear before you, haven't you?"

"Well, if you mean he boards at our house and he must be treated kindly, yes. The night you were all at the dance, he took mother and me to ride."

"So that's the reason he didn't come to my party?" cried Frank, her eyes red as well as her cheeks.

"Partly, and partly because he hates dancing,—he told me so."

"How well you are matched!" retorted Frank. "You don't dance, and he doesn't like it. If you keep on with your flowers and your rides, you'll catch him."

"Oh, but I neither wish nor intend to catch him."

"Maybe he is engaged to somebody already; he acts like it," was the suggestion of Frank's cousin. "I told Frank she ought to find out."

"He has plenty of letters addressed

in a lady's handwriting," said the deacon, holding one up for them to see, and he turned away with a queer smile, "but I'm pretty sure none of them are from a sweetheart."

"Maybe he's got a sister."

"He has, and a mother too. His sister is married, and the mother is with her."

"Oh, but then what does he want to hire the brown cottage for?" inquired a quiet little girl. "Father has it to let, you know, and it seems to me I heard him say the schoolmaster wanted it for his family."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Frank.

"At this the postmaster laughed aloud. 'If he's engaged, he's mean enough!'" said Frank, with warmth. "The idea of his coming here under false pretenses!"

"Did he ever tell anybody he was not engaged?" asked the deacon.

"I don't know as he did, and I'm sure I don't care if he's engaged to a dozen girls! If he's concealed enough to think I do, I'll soon undeceive him."

It was always self with the foolish girl. Her undue consciousness had led her into trouble more than once.

"Hush, Frank, there's Mr. Evans! I hope he didn't hear us," said Jessie, as the tall figure of the clergyman entered.

"Who cares? If you suppose I am afraid of the minister, you are mistaken," she added, boldly walking up to him, heated with temper and chagrin.

"Mr. Evans, you are one of the school committee," she said, with the assurance of a business matron of forty.

"Will you please tell us what is the mystery about the teacher you have employed for the winter?"

"Mystery—mystery!" said Mr. Evans, looking at her in surprise. "Really, Miss Frances, I have never heard that there was any mystery about him."

"Well, there is, and I think it ought to be cleared up. Tax payers ought to know what sort of men come into our midst, especially when he has charge of their daughters."

"He came with the best recommendations," said the minister, more and more surprised.

"Well, sir, the deacon declares he is not engaged to be married, and yet he is looking for a house in which to live, I understand, and he is at the same time playing the free young gentleman among us."

"Has he showed any special attention to you, or trifled with any of my young flock?"

"He is certainly trying to with Jessie, sir."

"O Frank, how can you say so?" cried Jessie, her face aflame, her eyes sparkling indignantly. "He is a perfect gentleman," she added, turning to the minister, "and I know all about him, and meant to tell Frank, after having a little fun. Why, he has been married a year to a most beautiful girl. He told mamma after we had become a little acquainted, that he married her just after he graduated, because she was alone and had no friends or protector. He is now studying day and night to get admitted to the bar, and he is anxious to bring his wife here; that is why he was looking at the little cottage, as it has a few rooms furnished. Now you have the whole mystery."

"You might have told us before!" cried Frank, with a scintillating eye. "You, too, Deacon Tufts, ought to be ashamed of your conduct, for of course you knew it."

"To be sure I did. Didn't I answer all your questions, young lady? I thought I would let you run on awhile, and get all the nonsense out of you."

The master made no particular secret of his marriage that I know of, neither has he proclaimed it upon the house-tops. Maybe he ought to—I don't know. You knew he was married, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes, I knew it. He showed mother his wife's photograph, and it seems she can teach botany, conchology and music. She can help him a great deal if she comes here."

Then the minister read Frank and the girls a short lesson, ending with these words:

"When you are old enough and wise enough to have homes of your own, you will wait till some worthy man throws out the line and catches you. And I am sure you will find in the young woman who is coming a beautiful, discreet and lovable companion; and although none of you have caught the schoolmaster you ought to catch many a wise lesson from his manly, modest demeanor, as well as from his instruction from the desk."

Not fish with arms, but armed fish. There is the Sword-fish, which carries a weapon powerful enough to pierce through the bottom of a ship; the Saw-fish, with a long snout, set upon each side with sharp spikes; fishes that carry daggers, and others furnished with sharp spears. The Shark has a terrible pair of shears that can easily cut a man in two at one blow and the Thresher has a large tail, curved like the blade of a scythe, which is a most dreadful weapon. Did you ever hear of a shooting-fish? The Chetodon, found in the Eastern seas, has a nose which serves as a gun or blow-pipe.—Sailing along by the water's edge, he sees a lily perhaps, which would make a delicious morsel. Slyly he takes aim, and away goes the watery bullet. The astonished lily, drenched and stunned, falls into the water below, and the Chetodon swallows his prey.

An Arctic Story.

In the spring of the year of 1840, a whaling vessel sailed from the port of London, upon a voyage to the Polar Seas. Nothing material is said to have occurred until their arrival in those solitary regions, when it became the duty of the crew to keep a perpetual look-out upon the horizon in search of fish. While thus occupied it was fancied by one of the seamen that a sail was discernible as far to the northward as the eye could reach. As the course of the whaler was towards the supposed vessel a mast became gradually distinguishable amid the mountain of ice which appeared in that quarter to bound the sea. It was now summer, and the afternoon was really calm, while the whaler gradually neared the object in view, the supposition being that it was a vessel engaged in operating upon the blubber in a bay, which would open to the view upon approaching nearer to the ice. Upon arriving at the spot, however, it became clear that the vessel was a wreck imbedded in the ice, and could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several of the seamen landed upon the ice and proceeded to the vessel, which proved to be a brig. The sails were furled, very little appeared upon the deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long period of time. Descending to the cabin the first object that was seen was a large Newfoundland dog coiled upon a mat and apparently asleep. Upon touching the animal it was found to be dead, and the body frozen to the hardness of a stone. Entering the cabin, there was next seen a young lady seated at a table, her eyes were open, and gazing with a mild, steadfast expression upon the new comers to that solitary spot. She was dead, and in that apparently resigned and religious attitude had frozen to death. Beside her was a young man, who, it appeared, was the brother of the lady, and commander of the brig. He, too, was dead, but sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which was written the following words: "Our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to light a fire, but all in vain; all is now over." At the other side of the cabin stood a frozen statue, in the vain endeavor to procure that fire, which alone could save him and his companions from the cold arms of death. The superstitious terrors of the seamen now hurried the captain away from the old wreck, the log book alone being brought away, and from this it appeared that the ill-fated vessel was a brig, which had belonged to the port of London, and had sailed for the arctic region more than fourteen years before.

The Locust.

The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known to us. The old historians and modern travellers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell and many other travellers in the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes that, when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike in taste to our fresh water cray-fish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried and kept for winter provisions. The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts and even kingdoms. In the year 537 of the Christian era, these insects appeared in such vast numbers as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 552 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, etc. Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1141 incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748 afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe, as far north as England.

Revenge in Italy.

Two Englishmen, wandering in a boat in the suburbs of Venice, saw an object in the water surrounded by birds. They found it to be a man, yet alive. His arms and legs were broken and tied and in order that he might not sink a large demijohn of glass was attached to each shoulder, which sustained the head and neck above water. He could not speak; his tongue hung from his mouth. His eyes had been pecked out by birds. The murderers were Luigi Parmaschetti, a farmer, and his two brothers. Parmaschetti had a handsome and irreproachable wife and a daughter of 8 years. Taldello, the murdered man, was employed by him and well treated, but, becoming enamored of Mme. Parmaschetti, he annoyed her to such a degree that her husband beat him and drove him from his house. Several days after Parmaschetti started at midnight, with a boatload of garden produce, for Venice. His wife was soon awakened by steps in her room. Her door was locked, but Taldello had entered by the window, and he stood before her knife in hand. He threatened death if she called for help, but she defended herself bravely. In the meantime her daughter, unperceived by Taldello, had crept under the bed, and was a witness of the scene. Mme. Parmaschetti ran around a table, and several times escaped from Taldello's grasp but he stabbed her and she fell in a dying condition. Day began to dawn, and Taldello fled. The child then alarmed the neighbors, who, on reaching the house, found the woman dead, with thirty-two wounds upon her body. On the return of Parmaschetti, himself and brothers sought Taldello, and found him. Parmaschetti plunged a pitchfork three times into his breast, and held him pinned, while his brothers broke his arms and legs with an iron bar. Parmaschetti intended then to burn him, but a brother proposed that he should be floated upon the Adriatic. That the birds and fishes might eat him alive. This was done. The three brothers were condemned to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor, and a petition to the King was extensively signed in Venice, asking for their complete pardon.

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good shampoo once a week will succeed in maintaining a perfect cure. Most patients will be alarmed on using this method at first, because the hair comes out in greater quantity than before. This is due to the fact that a large number of hairs are dead and only retained in their follicles by the plugging of the sheath with the accumulated sebaceous matter. The patient, therefore, should always be prepared for this result, and the cause of the increased falling of the hair explained to him. It is not necessary, though more convenient, to cut the hair short during the treatment. When the alopecia has lasted so long that the hair bulbs have become atrophied, nothing will restore the hair on these spots. Our endeavors must be directed to saving what remains. A prognosis favorable to the restoration of the hair must, therefore, be given with caution.

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The sight in most persons begins to fall from forty to fifty years of age, as is evinced by an instinctive preference of large print; a seat near the window for reading is selected; there is an effort to place the paper a convenient distance from the eye, or to turn it so as to get a particular reflection of the light; next the finger begins to be placed upon the line read, and there is winking of the eye as if to clear it, or a looking away at some distant object to rest it; or the fingers are pressed over the closed lids in the direction of the nose, to remove the tears caused by straining. Favor the failing sight as much as possible. Looking into a bright fire, especially a coal fire, is very injurious to the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight; reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make a great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight should observe the following rules, and preserve their general health by correct habits.

By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall obliquely over the shoulder upon the page or sewing. By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast. By resting them for half a minute or so while reading or sewing or looking at small objects; and by looking at things at a distance, or up to the sky, relief is immediately felt by so doing. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger nails; rather moisten it with saliva and rub it away with the ball of the finger. Frequently pass the ball of the finger over the closed eyelids toward the nose; this carries off an excess of water into the nose itself by means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, this canal having a tendency to close up in consequence of the slight inflammation which attends weakness of the eyes. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to draw any excess of blood from the other end of the body. Use eyeglasses first carried in the vest pocket attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eyes with very little trouble, whereas, if common spectacles are used such a process is required to get them ready that to save trouble the eyes are often strained to answer a purpose. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used, let it be flapped against the closed eyes with the fingers, not striking hard against the balls of the eyes. The moment the eyes feel tired the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

Grain Products of Europe.

The average grain product of Europe is reported at 5,000,000,000 bushels, of which Russia raises one-third, France and Germany 250,000,000 bushels each, and Austria 500,000,000. The United States produces 1,600,000,000 bushels (about the quantity that Russia does) which, in proportion to our population, is a much larger production than any other country can boast of. Counting our inhabitants at 40,000,000, we raise forty bushels per head and Europe's inhabitants at 300,000,000, she raises but sixteen bushels per head. Russia has twenty-six and Great Britain only four bushels per head. The amount of grain consumed being generally fifteen bushels per head, we produce nearly three times as much as we want, Russia almost twice what she needs, and Great Britain not more than one-fourth of her requirement. Thus it will be seen that the production far exceeds the consumption, but the excess is absorbed by breweries and distilleries at home and abroad, which more than any other cause keeps up the price of bread-stuffs. Some men have to pay dearer for what they drink than what they eat, because, perhaps, eating is a necessity, and drinking, for the most part, is much worse than a superfluity.

The Recipe for Prosperity.

Let every youth be taught some useful art and trained to industry and thrift. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain portion of his earnings. Let every one set out in life with a fixed determination to engage in business for himself, and let him put his determination in practice as early in life as possible. Begin in a small safe way, and extend your business as experience will teach you is advantageous. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerably certain income—sufficient to live on comfortably. Let every man who is able buy a farm on which to bring up his sons. It is from the farm the best men are turned out, morally and intellectually. Bear in mind that your business cannot be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Those days are lost in which we do no good. Those worse than lost in which we do evil.

What we have to do in this world is not to make our conditions, but to make the best of them.

A good report lingers on its way, but an ill one flies straight to where it can do the most harm.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babler.

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SILENT SONGS.

When the song's gone out of your life
That you thought would last to the end;
That first sweet song of the heart,
That no other days can lend—
The song of the wind to the trees—
The song of the wind to the flowers—
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours.

You can start no other song,
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air—
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled.
The nightingale sings no more to the rose,
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the broken heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the angels sing.
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble and rise and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest
And its lonely yearnings still.

My Midnight Peril.

The night of the 17th of October—
shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness,
the roar of the autumnal wind through
the lonely forest, and the incessant
downpour of the rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered
petulantly to myself, as I plodded
along, keeping close to the trunks of
the trees to avoid the ravine, through
which I could hear the roar of the tur-
bulent stream forty or fifty feet below.
My blood ran cold as I thought what
might be the possible consequences of a
mistake or a move in the wrong direc-
tion. Why had I not been contented
to keep in the right road?

Hold on! was that a light, or my
eyes playing me false?
I stopped, holding on to the low resis-
sant boughs of a hemlock that grew on
the edge of the bank, for it actually
seemed that the wind would seize me
bodily and hurl me down the precipitous
declivity.

It was a light—thank Providence—it
was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lead
me on to destruction and death.

"Hallo-o-o-o!"
My voice ran through the woods like
a clarion. I plunged on through tan-
gled vines, dense briars and rocky
banks, until, gradually nearing, I could
perceive a figure wrapped in an oilcloth
cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As
the dim light fell upon his face I almost
recoiled. Would not solitude in the
woods be preferable to the companionship
of this withered, wrinkled old man?
But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with
a peculiar motion of the lips that
seemed to leave his yellow teeth all
bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you di-
rect me to R—Station?"

"Yes, R—Station is twelve miles
from here."

"Twelve miles!"
I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me any shelter I could
obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's down, by the maple
swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night?
I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps
stood revealed once more.

"I guess so! folks don't stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then make haste and let us reach
it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more
than keeping pace with me. Presently
we left the edge of the ravine, entering
what seemed a trackless woods, and
keeping straight on until lights
gleamed fitfully through the wet fol-
lage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the
windows all drawn to one side, as if
the foundation had settled, and the pillars
of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow-trav-
eler's knock. My companion whis-
pered a word or two to her, and she
turned to me with smooth voluble
words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their ac-
commodations; but I was welcome to
them such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my
guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside
the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of
bread.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"
"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you will sleep well, sir.
When shall I call you?"

"At 4 o'clock in the morning, if you
please." I must walk over to B—sta-
tion in time for the 7 o'clock express.
"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in
the gloomy little apartment. I sat
down and looked around me with no
very agreeable sensation.

I will sit down and write to Alice,
I thought; "that will soothe my nerve
and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder, the fire still
glowed redly in the hearth beneath;
my companion and the woman sat be-
side it talking in a low tone; and a
third person sat at the table eating; a
short, stout, villainous-looking man, in
a red flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials and
returned to my room to write to my
wife.

"My darling Alice—"
I paused and laid down my pen as I
concluded the words, half smiling to
think what she would say, could she
know of my strange quarters.

Not till both sheets were covered did
I lay aside my pen and prepare for
slumber. As I folded my paper I hap-
pened to glance toward the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye ob-
serving me through the board partition
or was it my own fancy? There was a
crack there, but only blank darkness
beyond, yet I could have sworn that
something had sparkled bravely at me.

I took out my watch—it was 1 o'clock.
It was scarcely worth while for me to
undress for three hours' sleep. I wad-
led in my clothes and snatch what
slumber I could. So, placing my valise
at the head of my bed, and barricading
the lockless door with two chairs, I
extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradu-
ally a soft drowsiness seemed to steal
over me like a misty mantle, until, all
of a sudden, some strange, weird
thrill coursed through my veins, and I
sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow
through the room—no light of the moon
or stars was ever so penetrating—and
by the little window I saw Alice, my
wife, dressed in floating garments of
white, with her long, golden hair knot-
ted back with a blue ribbon. Appar-
ently she was coming to me with out-
stretched hands, and eyes full of wild,
anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed to-
ward her, but as I reached the window
the fair apparition seemed to vanish
into the stormy darkness, and I was
left alone. At the self-same instant
the sharp report of a pistol sounded—
I could see the jagged stream of fire
above the pillow straight through the
very spot where ten minutes since my
head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of
my danger I swung myself over the
edge of the window, jumping some
eight or ten feet into tangled bushes
below, and as I crouched there recover-
ing my breath I heard the tramp of
footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the
ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of
the woman with the half-closed eyes.
"Of course he is," growled a voice
back; "that charge would have killed
ten men. A light there, quick; and
tell Tom to be ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran through
me. What a den of midnight murder-
ers had I fallen into! And how fear-
fully narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal ter-
ror and deadly peril can give, I rushed
through the woods, now illuminated by
a faint glimmer of starlight. I knew
not what impulse guided my footsteps—
I crossed my own track, or how close I
stood to the brink of the deadly ravine;
but a merciful Providence encompassed
me with a guiding and protecting care,
for when the morning dawned, with
faint, red bars of orient light against
the stormy eastern sky, I was close to
the high road, some seven miles from
R—.

Once at the town, I told my story to
the police, and a detachment was sent
with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false
alarms, we succeeded in finding the
ruinous old house; but it was empty—
our birds had flown; nor did I recover
my valise, and watch and chain, which
later I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader
of the police, "and they've troubled us
these two years. I don't think, though,
they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is
yet to come. Some three weeks subse-
quently I received a letter from my
sister, who was with Alice in her En-
glish home—a letter whose intelligence
filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something strange,"
wrote my sister, "that happened on the
night of the 17th of October. Alice
had not been well for some time; in
fact, she had been confined to her bed
for nearly a week, and I was sitting
beside her reading. It was late—the
clock had just struck one—when all at
once she seemed to faint away, growing
white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened
to call assistance; but all our efforts to
restore animation were in vain. I was
just about sending for the doctor when
her senses returned as suddenly as they
had left her, and she sat up in bed,

pushing back her hair and looking
wildly around her.

"Alice," I exclaimed, "how you have
terrified us all! Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel
so strange. Gracie, I have been with
my husband!"

"And all our reasoning failed to con-
vince her of the possibility of her asser-
tion." She persisted to this moment
that she saw you and was with you on
the morning of the 18th of October.

Where and how she can not tell, but
we think it must have been a dream.
She is better now, and I wish you could
see how fast she is improving."

"This is my plain, unvarnished tale.
I do not pretend to explain or account
for its mysteries. A simple relate facts.
Let psychologists unravel the labry-
rithical skein. I am not superstitious,
neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths
or apparitions; but this thing I do
know—that, although my wife was in
England in body on the morning of the
18th of October, her spirit surely stood
before me in New York in the moment
of the deadly peril that menaced me.
It may be that to the subtle instinct and
strength of a wife's holy love all things
are possible, but Alice surely saved my
life."

Prison Life.

Passing the balconies of a New York
prison at 7 o'clock in the evening and
looking between the iron gratings, the
visitor will find a light in nearly
every cell. Where there are two con-
victs in the same cell they will be
talking or reading. These who have a
cell to themselves will be reading or
pacing the cell, peering through the
grates, or doing something to kill time.

There are some two thousand vol-
umes in the prison library. The books
most sought after by prisoners are no-
vels, books of travel, and biographies.
They are permitted to read story pa-
pers and magazines, but no newspapers.

Keeping the news of the outside world
from them is one of their most serious
privations. Sometimes they exercise
the greatest ingenuity to draw out
from the keepers additional informa-
tion relating to some piece of news
they have gathered from the foremen
in the shops in the day. In a late
political canvass several of the convicts
from New York City, were especially
anxious to know what candidates were
running for Morrissey's seat in the
State Senate, and by the sharpest con-
versational tricks they endeavored to
entrap the keepers into speaking the
names of the opposing candidates.

The rapidity with which news spreads
among the convicts when one of them
has come into possession of it is aston-
ishing. On the night following the
Manhattan Bank robbery the affair was
generally known to the prisoners.
They discussed it among themselves
and ventured opinions as to the
men engaged in it. They were of the
opinion that it was a really cool job, and
even Johnson, who owes the State con-
siderable time yet, and was known in
New York City as one of the most dar-
ing and successful men in his line, con-
descended to speak well of it. The pil-
lage of the Stewart tomb was known to
the convicts on the day of its discovery.

The appearance of an evening visitor
on the galleries is rare indeed, and be-
fore the visitor has walked the length
of a single gallery the fact of his pres-
ence has been passed from cell to cell,
through the ventilating flues until
nearly every convict has it.

As the keepers pass along the galler-
ies in the early evening they are hailed
by voices from behind the grates, and
faces are pressed against the iron grat-
ings.

"Say, is Mr. Davis coming through
the galleries to-night?"

"Who's the new fellow we had for one
of the day-keepers to-day?"

"Hav'n't found the claps that took
Stewart's body, have they?"

When the keeper starts away the
men urge him to "hold on a minute,"
and try to detain him for company's
sake. The convicts are permitted to
have lights in their cells until 9 o'clock.
They are furnished with kerosene
lamps, and are allowed a certain quan-
tity of oil. Some of them seem to be
afraid of the darkness, and turn their
lights down very low, and try to con-
ceal them when the keepers pass in or-
der that they may turn them up again
and not be in the dark. Near the close
of the week they make all sorts of
promises in their endeavor to get a
fresh supply of oil. It is considered
safe to let them have lights in their
cells, for they can only burn the few
combustibles in the cell, and if they do
that the penalty is to have their lights
taken away from them—which is con-
sidered a very severe punishment. One
of the convicts not long ago set fire to
his furniture, but such occurrences are
very rare. On this occasion the alarm
was given by a convict in an adjoining
cell. At 9 o'clock the bell is rung for
"lights out." Then more faces are seen
at the gratings, and there is a greater
disposition among the convicts to
talk with their neighbors. It is a cu-
rious fact that those who sleep the least
are "long time" men, whose terms
have almost expired. They seldom
close their eyes in sleep the last night
of their stay in prison. "Only four-
teen days more, and I feel as though I
should fly," said one of the convicts.

—There were 150 suicides recorded in
New York for the year 1878.

—It costs 30,000,000 to run the New
York municipal government a year.

—Metz, which at the census of 1871
had 51,532 inhabitants, has now only
39,000.

Ten Minutes in a Hotel Office.

I stood near the office of one of our large
Broadway hotels a few evenings since
for exactly ten minutes. Besides
being intensely engaged in regulating
a mass of books and bills, the clerk at-
tended to the following programme of
business.

"Ting-a-ling goes a bell. Clerk—
"John, go up to 280."

Man with small red satchel appar-
ently just departing—"Can I leave this in
your care a few minutes?"

Clerk—"Certainly, Mr. Jones," and
the valise goes over the counter.

Another guest—"Will you favor me
with a pen and ink?" Guest accommodat-
ed.

Gent. (in great haste)—"Is Mr. A. in?"

Clerk—"To waiter"—James, take this
card to 320." Ethiopian flies upwards
three steps at a time.

Ting-a-ling tug-a-ling. This bell
produces a negro and coal scuttle again.

Clerk—"Lyman, make a fire in 234."

Messenger boy approaches, "For Mr.
A., laying down a letter."

Ding dong!

Clerk—"Take this to 442" Ethiopian
vanishes up the stair case.

Messenger boy—"Please sign for this
sir." Clerk signs.

Gent. (in long duster)—"Mr. Whiting
has gone, hasn't he?"

Clerk—"Just left two minutes ago."

Broad chested gent with cigar approach-
es. Clerk—"Letter for you, Doctor."

Doctor receives the letter.

Ting-a-ling. Clerk—"Two hundred
and three." Another Ethiopian dis-
appears in the intricacies of the staircase
above.

Another Guest—"I wish the key of
305." Clerk hands over the key.

Ding dong! Fireman's bell again.
Clerk—"Lyman build a fire in 230."

Large imposing guest with gray
moustache, army hat, *distingue* in ap-
pearance—"If any one asks for me tell
'em I'm in 103." Clerk—"All right, Mr.
B."

Man in check duster—"Will you put
this card in Mr. A's box?" Card goes
in one of a vast system of small pigeon
holes holding keys.

Boy from the cigar stand in restaur-
ant—"Change a \$10 bill, sir." Clerk
changes bill and never ceases checking
bills and adding up figures.

Boy places a large bundle on the of-
fice counter. Clerk to waiter—"Take
this bundle to No. 6."

Wanted—For the purpose of popularizing our wares, and making it a means of effecting exchanges and sale of property by our people.

We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement under that head, (not to exceed five lines), for 25 cents; or, just half the price that we have heretofore charged. This certainly brings it within the reach of every body—who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring about the sale of property advertised, stands to reason. A man can hardly have anything that he is willing to sell but that there is some one anxious to buy.

WANTS
An article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payments for every advertisement under the head of

WANTED.
No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm produce—a cow, horse, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertised in the

WANTED.
If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the wanted column, and you will be quickly supplied.

WANTED—To buy bid copper, for which the highest market price will be paid. Apply to W. W. NESBIT, Jacksonville, Ala.

PERSONAL.
Hon. M. J. Turnley was on our streets Saturday.

Capt. Jno. M. Crook of Alexandria was in town this week.

Mr. Ross Whitlock of Gadsden matriculated in Calhoun College this week.

Col. L. J. Parr has just returned from a business trip to Clay County.

W. A. Brown and Miss Matie Collins were recently married in Morgan county.

Miss Minnie Alexander of Tennessee of our townsman Mr. J. M. Alexander, is attending Calhoun College.

W. W. Woodward Esq. our sprightly and brilliant correspondent returned from a visit to the beautiful "City of Oaks" on Saturday.

Hon. Wm. M. Hames, Col. G. C. Ellis, H. L. Stevenson, T. J. Martin Esq's and ye Editor have gone to christen the new Court House at Edwardsville.

Hon. W. L. Whitlock, State Solicitor Vandiver and John C. Whitlock Esq. of Gadsden were in town Saturday en route for Cleburne Circuit Court.

Mr. Nathan Clark, who has been absent for two months prospecting and visiting in the "Lone Star" State, returned last Saturday. He visited several points of interest and expressed himself as greatly pleased with his trip.

We were pleased to receive a visit on Tuesday from Mr. N. S. Vestal formerly of this County, but now of Helena Montana Territory. Mr. Vestal left his home more than a score of years since, a poor boy, to seek his fortune in the far west, and having made a marvelous success of life, he now returns to the place of his youth, immensely rich; the object of his visit being to administer comfort, and provide well for those whom he left long years ago.

LOCALS.
Coal in demand.
Eggs getting scarce.
Circuit Court 7th day April.
Blow, ye March winds, Blow!
Blessed is the man who payeth the printer.
Calhoun College is in a thriving condition.
Job work at this office neatly and cheaply done.
Mr. Elijah Teague an old and most estimable citizen died at his home in Davisville on the 10th, inst.
The colored Hook and Ladder Company were out on parade last Thursday evening. These firemen have rendered incalculable service on several occasions and deserve the commendation and encouragement of our citizens.
We regret to learn of the death of Mr. A. D. Wilkins which occurred at his residence in this county on Friday the 14th. Mr. Wilkins was highly respected and esteemed and his loss is greatly deplored.

The Jacksonville P. O. make-up and distribute 64 mails per week.
In company with Judge Walker and Mr. H. B. Stevenson, we took this week a trip to Edwardsville, Woods' Copper Mine, Arbacoechee and other points of interest in our sister county of Cleburne, and returned just as the paper was ready for press. We shall write up some of our impressions next week.
We acknowledge thanks to Mr. Jno. M. Caldwell for looking after the local column for us during our absence.
Last Sunday night Elihu Griffin had a valuable mule stolen. Bills were printed at this office offering a reward for the capture of the thief or animal. Some thirty or forty men turned out and so crowded the thief that he dropped his booty, and the mule was taken up on the roadside and returned to its owner. A man riding a horse with a hair halter was the suspected thief.

We publish the following ticket by request.
PEOPLE'S TICKET.
For Mayor,
J. D. HAMMOND.
For Councilman,
Dr. J. Y. NESBIT.
WM. M. HAMES,
JOSEPH NUNNELLY,
A. M. LANDERS,
A. O. STEWART.

NOTICE.
The trustees of Calhoun college are being pressed for the payment of certain judgments against them as trustees of said institution. A great many persons who subscribed their names to the list of stock holders, and upon whose faith and credit the college was built, are behind with their subscriptions, and some have never paid one dollar. Now will not such persons do justice to themselves and the trustees to pay a portion of accounts due from them? The books are in the hands of Jno. M. Caldwell, Esq.

DIED—At his residence in Gadsden, Ala., on the 13th day of March, 1879, after a lingering illness, Rev. Theophilus Moore, in the 72d year of his age.
Deceased had been a travelling Methodist preacher for about forty-nine years, and was a member of the first Alabama conference, held in the city of Tuscaloosa in 1832. During his ministry he traveled pretty much all over Alabama, and was, perhaps, as extensively known as any preacher in the State; his field of labor being co-extensive with its limits. During his long service he filled many important charges with acceptability, proving himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." In the private walks of life he was quiet and unobtrusive, and esteemed by all as an humble, conscientious christian. In his ministerial character he was above reproach, and ever enjoyed the respect and confidence of his brethren. It was his highest aim—his greatest happiness, to do his whole duty as a minister of the New Testament, paramount to everything else; "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ"—was devoted to her interests, and during his long and faithful service in the ranks of the ministry, made many sacrifices and endured hardships and privations to further the great cause of the gospel.
At home, in his family, he was known as a kind, affectionate parent, ever watchful and considerate, endeavoring to promote the welfare and happiness of each member. In all the relations of life, he was faithful and true, and left the impress of his godly character wherever he went. God, in His providence, permitted him to do a large work for the church while he had strength. He lived out his three score years and ten, and when the Master called him he was ready to go. His record is on high. May the Lord grant consolation to his bereaved relatives.
"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
M. T. M.

The Montgomery Advertiser contains an obituary notice of the death of Chancellor Wade Keyes who died suddenly in that city, on the 2nd instant. Judge Keyes was a native of this state, born in 1821, elected in 1853, by the legislature, Chancellor of the Southern Division, and when the Confederate Government was organized he became Assistant Attorney General, which position he held until the close of the contest. He leaves a wife and several children.

The Mexican veterans' pension proposition did not get through, though it came so near it as to cause many old soldiers who served under Taylor, Scott and Kearney to rejoice. The proposition was in the nature of an amendment to the arrears pension bill; the latter became a law but the amendment was not added to it. Had it succeeded it would have been one of the finest features in the hat of Senator Shields, and a fitting work to crown his varied public life.

LENT.
If any coarse, unfeeling fellow Asks the loan of your umbrella, Tell him it's Lent.
If any tramp presumes to follow And begs the loan of half a dollar, Tell him it's Lent.
And so tell all who come to borrow Some treasured article to-morrow— Tell 'em it's Lent.
St. Louis Times

Minnie Spears is the romantic daughter of a Kansas farmer. She lately returned from a boarding school, where, it is suspected, she added to the prescribed studies the perusal of sentimental stories in yellow covers. A wandering Italian fiddler made his appearance in the neighborhood. He slept in barns, and was not a handsome tramp, but Minnie's lively imagination transformed him into a heroic minstrel, and she eloped with him. When overtaken by her father she was dressed fancifully like a gypsy, and was playing a tambourine as an accompaniment to the fiddling of the Italian. Her idea originally was to become a dancing girl, and lead a delightfully roving life, but the experience of a few days dampened her ardor, and she was glad to return.

SOCIAL WINE DRINKING.
At a Christian convention a discussion on temperance brought up the "wine question." A part of the clergy advocated its entire disuse and a part took the other side. At length an influential clergyman rose and made a vehement argument in favor of wine, denouncing the radical reformers for attempting to banish this token of hospitality from use. When he had resumed his seat, a layman, trembling with emotion, rose, and asked if it was allowed for him to speak. The chair having signified that he would be heard, he said: "Mr. Moderator, it is not by part, but in rising, to answer the learned argument you have just listened to. My object is more humble, and I hope more practical. I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much inconvenience to educate a beloved son at college. Here, this son became dissipated; but after he graduated and returned to his father the influence of home, acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father was overjoyed at the prospect that his cherished hopes of other days were still to be realized. Several years passed, when the young man, having completed his professional study, and being about to leave his father to establish himself in business, he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, distinguished for hospitality and social qualities. At this dinner wine was introduced and offered to this young man, who refused. Pressed upon him, again he refused. This was repeated, and the young man was ridiculed for his singular abstinence. The young man was strong enough to overcome appetite but he could not resist ridicule. He drank in leath, and from that moment became a confirmed drunkard, and long since has found a drunkard's grave. Mr. Moderator," continued the old man, with streaming eyes, "I am that father; and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat that this token of hospitality ruined the son I shall never cease to mourn."

—The St. Louis Times notes a funny coincidence which occurred at the Olympic Theatre in that city on Thursday evening last. Just as Miss Anna Abbott was entering the dress-circle the winstrels struck up the popular refrain of "Whea, Emma." The prima-donna was terribly taken aback. "There's that horrid song!" she exclaimed. "It follows me wherever I go. I do believe they know I was coming here to-night and sing it simply to tease me." And so Miss Abbott wouldn't enter her box until the objectionable song had been concluded.

SA. FRANCISCO, March 13.—S. D. Field, Superintendent of the Electric Light Company of San Francisco, has united the principles of several electric machines so as to work the electric light and telegraph wires at the same time. To-day one of his machines here worked fifteen different circuits, varying from 100 to 450 volts in length, including one duplex circuit 198 miles long. This is the first successful experiment of the kind.

DEATH IN A CHURCH.
A YOUNG LADY EXPIRES WHILE ASSISTING A RECENTLY BAPTIZED FRIEND.
Baltimore, March 16, 1879.

A startling tragedy occurred at the High Street Baptist Church during the regular service to-night. The pastor, Rev. J. T. Craig, had just baptized a young lady, and the latter, accompanied by Miss Louisa Donaldson, retired to an ante-room below to change her clothing. While in the act of assisting the convert Miss Donaldson inquired if she did not feel purer and more heavenly after being baptized, and added—
"I would like to tell you something, but"—and before completing the sentence she fell forward unconscious. The young lady ran into the church for her friends and alarmed the congregation, causing, for some moments, almost a panic. Physicians were sent for, but as the first one arrived Miss Donaldson expired. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of her death.

David Peters, a negro, has for ten years been a convict in the Rhode Island State Prison. He was uneducated when he entered, but immediately became a hard student, and has spent all of his leisure in a successive mastery of reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and four languages. His mind is now said to be giving way, however, and an effort is being made to secure his release from the remaining five years of his sentence.

Memphis and Grenada are using almost superhuman exertions to reach each a state of cleanliness as to enable them to escape epidemics in future.
The most useful pedestrian is the man who walks the floor nights with the baby.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY.
THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
CALHOUN COUNTY.
Probate Court of Calhoun county.
Letters Testamentary under the last will and testament of Elizabeth Prater deceased, having been granted to the undersigned on the 4th day of March, 1879 by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun county. Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be bound.
W. B. GREEN, Executor.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.
THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
CALHOUN COUNTY.
Probate Court for said County.
Special Term, March 3d 1879.
This day came T. J. Morgan, guardian of Jessie Ross, a minor, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his said guardianship. It is ordered that the 31st day of March 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.
L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.
March 8—31.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.
THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
CALHOUN COUNTY.
Letters of administration on the estate of John Maddox deceased, having been granted to the undersigned as general administrator on the 6th day of March, 1879, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be bound.
C. W. BREWTON, General Adm.

LOCAL MATTERS.
MAKE MONEY
By buying your goods of W. P. & ED L. PARR.
They have just received 2,000 lbs of flour which they sell from \$3 to \$3.50, 2,000 lbs best meal from \$2 to \$2.50, 800 lbs lard from \$5 to 10c to 15c, 500 lbs Coffee from 18 to 20c to 15c, 75 bushels Eastern seed Irish potatoes cheap, 50 bushels red and yellow Davies Silver Skin onion sets.
1,000 packages Garden seed of all kinds, 250 lbs Mackerel and White fish at bottom prices, 250 lbs of sole and upper leather at manufacturers prices.
200 pieces Tin Ware of all kinds that are generally needed for family use, 200 gallons of Stone Ware of every variety, 3,500 Segars of all grades from 7 to 10c, 200 lbs Cheating Tobacco from 48 to 50c to 1b, 100 lbs Cream and Young America Cheese, 250 lbs Cream and Young America Cheese.

A lot of splendid apples just arrived at PARRS.
A few more bottles of that celebrated Machine Oil on hand.
ED. G. CALDWELL,
(At the old Forney Corner.)
Has on hand the best brands of Cheating and Smoking TOBACCOS, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.
Chocolate, Cacao, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.
Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
A splendid lot of new Tin ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
Finest article of kerosene oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
New lot of stone-ware at E. G. CALDWELL'S.
YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
Salt at manufacturers prices at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.
YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

NOTICE TO STOCK-HOLDERS
of Calhoun College.
Pursuant to a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Calhoun College, at a meeting held in Jacksonville, Saturday the 8th day of March 1879, the original stockholders in said College are requested and notified to meet in convention in Jacksonville, at the court house, 10 o'clock A. M. Saturday May 2, 1879, for the purpose of transacting important business, affecting the title of said college building and grounds.

WM. H. FORNEY, Pres Board Trustees.
WM. M. HAMES, Secy.
March 13—2m

Why Will You
Allow a cold to advance in your system and thus encourage more serious troubles such as Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Lung troubles, when an immediate relief can be so readily attained. Doan's German Syrup has gained the largest sale in the world for the cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung Diseases. It is Dr. Doan's famous German prescription and is prepared with the greatest care, and no fear be need entertained in administering it to the youngest child, as per directions. The sale of this medicine is unprecedented since first introduced, and a constant increasing demand without a single report of failure to do its work in any case. Ask your Druggist as to the truth of these remarks. Large size 75 cents. Try it and be convinced.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. GRAND INTRODUCTION SALE.
One thousand first class instruments from best makers to be placed in Southern homes for introduction. Hammer Organs and Pianos, 7 Oct \$135, 7 Oct \$150, Organs, 5 Steps \$57, 13 Steps \$71, Mirror Top, 13 Steps \$85. Choice instruments at lowest prices ever known. 6 years writing guaranteed. Weber and Sons, New York, and Moore and Hamilton, and Pelouze & Pelton Organs included in this sale. A clean sweep, no reserve, new instruments fresh from factory. Only sale of the kind ever carried out in the U. S. Write for introduction and send first invoice. Ludden & Bates, Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga., the Great Wholesale Piano and Organ Depot of the South.

CITY BAR.
JNO. RAMAGNANO.
The proprietor of the above named popular Bar, has recently received a new invoice of first class goods in his line, embracing Fine Whiskies, Brandy, Gin, and all the best of all kinds of wines, including Wine for SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES.
Segars, Tobacco, etc. All at reasonable prices for cash. Good pure goods. The above named Bar is open and ready to receive one of the most pleasant resorts in town.
Good order preserved.
Feb. 15—2m

AT OLD PRICES.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the farmers of Calhoun and surrounding counties, that he has ready for delivery

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO, which he will sell at the rate of one ton for 500 lbs middling cotton, delivered Nov. 1st, 1879. Also Acid Phosphate for composting, at cheap rates. Call on J. D. HAMMOND, Jacksonville Ala.

ROWAN, IDEAN & CO.
ALABAMA.
JACKSONVILLE.
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, HARD WARE, QUEENS WARE, DRUGS, &c.
In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rowan attends personally to our purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the VERY BOTTOM OF THE MARKET. TRY us and see if you can't get BETTER BARGAINS than you can get elsewhere. We have the LARGEST and BEST assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA. THE TENNESSEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON on the market, sold by us.

ROME GEO. MARBLE WORKS.
JONES & EDMUNDSON,
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE & GRANITE.
And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones, ROME, GEORGIA.
Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

FRINSURANCE.
The undersigned is Agent for (3) three good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to wit: GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA. HOME PROTECTION " " HUNTSVILLE, ALA. CENTRAL CITY " " SELMA, ALA.

It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.
If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails—
I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.
E. L. SWAN, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

R. T. HOYT.
WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,
NO 43 BROAD STREET, ROME, GA.
WILL SELL

clover & grass seed
TO THE FARMERS AT WHOESALE PRICES.
Send for Price List and descriptive Catalogue.
R. T. HOYT, WHOLESALE DEALER. ROME, GA.

POSTPONED.
TRUST SALE.
Under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee by John Maddox and John Phillips on the 10th day of April, 1878, to secure J. B. Loyd in the payment of a certain promissory note thereon mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, in Book "H" 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds on pages 173 and 179, on the 17th day of May 1878. I will as Trustee, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house, door, in the town of Jacksonville, in said county, on the day of 1879, the following described Real Estate, to wit:
All that tract or parcel of land in the west half of South west quarter and South east fourth of South west quarter of Section 25, Township 13 and Range 7, also a part of North east quarter of North west half of Section 2, Township 14, Range 7, commencing at the half mile stake on North side of said Section running thence south one quarter thence West to centre of hill to said corner; thence North to a line stake on Section line, thence back to the beginning corner and situated in Calhoun county, Alabama.

Said Real Estate will be sold to said J. B. Loyd, and the proceeds of said sale will be paid to said J. B. Loyd, in full of said Deed of Trust. This Jan. 20th 1879
G. W. LOYD, Trustee.
Jan. 25—31.

A BLESSING TO MOTHERS
There will be no necessity for mothers leaving the comforts of home, with their sick babies, this summer, if they will give Dr. Moffet's Teetina (Teething powders). Teetina will regulate the bowels and stomach, and soothe complaints of children, heal eruptions and sores, remove and prevent the formation of worms. Wm. M. Nesbit and all Druggists keep it.
Jan 18

Ayer's American Almanac is now ready for delivery by the druggists, and we are free to say that we have read this welcome visitor with satisfaction and profit. It contains all the information of information that is useful to every body, and shows how the Almanac can be made to serve the people. It is a beautiful and useful book, and is a most valuable contribution to our enjoyments every year.
Jan 18

THE GREAT CAUSE
HUMAN MISERY
Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope—Price six cents.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, Induced by Self-abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage, generally, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the Green Book, &c.
The world renowned author, in the admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and with out dangerous surgical operations, blisters, instruments, rings, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, can cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands. Send under seal, in a plain envelope, 15 cts, or address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers: THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box, 4596.

W. C. LAND,
WATCH MAKER
JEWEL

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
For Dissection of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.
The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvelous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to be the most reliable remedy that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have this knowledge its superiority, and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. Cherry Pectoral, always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.
As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.
This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cure it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country, who practice and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
W. M. NESBIT, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.
Sep 21 '78 1y

MARRIED DR. BUTTS
No. 12 N. Eighth St., St. Louis, Mo.
Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the recent troubles of both male and female sex than any physician in the West, from the results of his long and successful practice in his two new works, just published, entitled:
THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE
Books that are really guides and self-instructors in all matters pertaining to married life, and which are so valuable to the young and old alike. They are beautifully illustrated, and in plain language, easily understood. The two books contain 24 pages, and contain valuable information for both married and single, and will be sent to you for the price of one dollar. Send your money order or check, or if you prefer, send your money in the form of a postal note, and you will receive the books at once. The books are really guides and self-instructors in all matters pertaining to married life, and which are so valuable to the young and old alike. They are beautifully illustrated, and in plain language, easily understood. The two books contain 24 pages, and contain valuable information for both married and single, and will be sent to you for the price of one dollar. Send your money order or check, or if you prefer, send your money in the form of a postal note, and you will receive the books at once.

SMOKE
BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO
BURNHAM'S
WORKS: Christiansburg, Lancaster, Pa. Works: 23 S. Beaver St., York, Pa.
The Smokey of the 19th Century.
Barham's Infalible PILE CURE.
Manufactured by the Barham Pile Cure Co., of New York, N. Y. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum.

TALLADEGA NURSERIES.
R. D. HUNDLEY,
Talladega, Alabama.
Southern Raised, No. 1 Trees.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, Cherries, Quinces, Grape Vines, Raspberries, Strawberries &c. &c. cheap. Send orders through Rowan, Dean & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. 5 Nov. 30 1878—3m

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE
The Best and Cheapest.
THIS Machine combines all the best and latest improvements, and has marked advantages over all others in use, being simple in construction, easily understood and worked.
The treadle enables the operator to run the Machine easier and faster than any other.
Every working part is in hardened adjustable steel bearings, having but little wear, so all loss of motion can be easily taken up.
For sale by
WOODSTOCK IRON CO. Anniston, Ala.
A liberal discount allowed to Agents. I have seen nothing every kind of Sewing Machine. I consider the White the best and most perfect made.
SAM L. NOBLE.
April 20, 1878—1y.

Madison Dispensary,
202 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., have prepared a new and improved remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum.

MARRIAGE GUIDE
AND
BOOK OF SECRETS.
This book contains all the information that is useful to every body, and shows how the Almanac can be made to serve the people. It is a beautiful and useful book, and is a most valuable contribution to our enjoyments every year.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!
For the cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and all disorders which result from Self-abuse or Excess. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for the cure of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the rectum.

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Will practice in all the courts of the 12th judicial district and the supreme and federal courts of the State.
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Office formerly occupied by Gen. W. H. Forney,
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Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 12th judicial district, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.
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Charges very moderate.
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Neatly,

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AND

Promptly,

AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather in their eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under world,
Sad, as the last, which reddens every one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love—
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.

A Nice Little Game.

"Frank!"
"All right, Dolly!"
He sat before the glowing grate, his feet on one corner of the mantel, his chair tipped back. His young wife looked at him; and her pretty black eyes, which only a minute before had been brimful with tears, emitted sparks of fire. Her rosy mouth closed with a firm expression, and her dainty foot came down upon the rug in a very decided manner.

"I won't stand it," she said under her breath; "I can't—twill kill me! To see him, thus, night after night, besotted, degraded, ruining both soul and body. I must do something—I must save him for my baby's sake!"

Then she sat and meditated. They had been married a little over two years, and the baby in the wicker cradle was a thriving boy. No happier woman than Dolly the wide world held but for one thing. Her husband would drink. He loved his social glass, his wine suppers, his club dinners. He did not neglect his wife, but often he came home in the small hours in an unsteady condition.

Dolly tried everything—tears, entreaties, persuasions—but he only laughed her off.

"Where's the harm, Dolly? Can't a fellow be merry now and then with his friends?"

But Dolly saw the awful evil growing upon him, and knew what the end would be. She shuddered, and her eyes filled with tears but the minute after they flashed fire, and she smiled.

"I'll try it," she said to herself: "if it does no good, it can't do much harm."

Then she said:
"Frank!"

Her husband roused up, and opened his eyes with an imbecile stare.

"All right, Dolly."

"Frank, you believe that a wife should follow in her husband's footsteps, don't you?"

"To be sure. You're a sensible woman, Dolly."

"And you're a sensible man, Frank. What's right for you to do is right for me, isn't it?"

"Precise, Dolly; just so, exactly. You're a wise woman, you are."

Dolly smiled quietly.

"Very well, Frank, if you go to the tavern any more at nights, I'm going too!"

Her husband looked up, half sobered.

"Nonsense, Dolly," he said, "that's running the thing into the ground. You'll do no such thing."

"You'll see that I will, Frank!" she answered resolutely. "I love you, and what you do I shall do too. If you see fit to ruin yourself, soul and body, and shame your son, I shall follow your example. I care for nothing that you cannot share. As you do, so will I."

His cheek paled and his lip quivered. Her words touched him to the quick. He sat silent for a minute, then he got up and said:

"Nonsense, Dolly. Come to bed, little girl."

She followed him obediently, and nothing more was said on the subject. For three or four nights Frank came home punctually; then his old habit mastered him.

Dolly had his supper all waiting, and his slippers and dressing-gown before the fire, but he did not come. She waited patiently till 10 o'clock. She called the housemaid and put on her wraps.

"Sit by baby's crib, Mary, and when Mr. Mayfair comes tell him I have gone to the Reindeer. Ask no questions, and take good care of baby, and you shall have a dollar extra this month."

"Very well, ma'am," with wondering eyes.

Twelve o'clock, one, and then the young husband left himself in with his latch-key, and came reeling into the sitting room. There said the maid beside the sleeping child.

Frank looked about him a little anxiously.

"Ah, fast asleep, fine little fellow," he said, bending over the crib. "Mary, my girl, where's your mistress? Gone to bed?"

"No, sir, she's gone to the Reindeer hotel."

He stood and stared.

"What do you say, girl?"

"She went out at 10, sir, and bade me tell you when you came that she'd gone to the Reindeer."

The young husband stifled something like an oath, and sat down before the hearth. Half an hour went by then

he started up, and glanced at the clock. "Great Heaven! 'tis nearly 2 o'clock, and she not here!"

He seized his hat and rushed from the house like one mad.

By the time he was half way to the Reindeer he was perfectly sober.

"Could she have meant what she said?" he asked himself over and over again.

Presently a carriage came down from the lighted tavern on the hill, and as it passed him a woman's voice rang out, singing the chorus, "We won't go home till morning!"

It was his wife's voice. He caught the horses' heads, frantically with rage. Dolly's pretty, curly head looked out of a large window.

"Frank, old fellow—hic—is that you? Get in, get in—why didn't you come up? Oh, we had a jolly time—hic—we did. Such a dance. Don't blame you for going out, Frank. Didn't know it was so pleasant—hic—I mean to go every night."

"You do?" he gasped, leaping into the seat beside her and grasping her arm. "Ever dare to do such a thing again, and you will be no wife of mine."

Dolly laughed uproariously.

"Nonsense, Frank. Let me do as you do, that's fair. Let go my arm, you hurt, and you'll break my flask, 'tis prime brandy, Frank—take a drop."

He caught it from her hand and flung it out of the window.

"Bah!" said Dolly, her cheeks flushed, her arm; "I wish I'd stayed at the Reindeer. What makes you so cross?"

"Hush! say no more, Dolly," he answered, his teeth set hard. "I can't bear it. I may do something I'll be sorry for. Keep silent—I don't want any more crooked works."

"Ram's horn, if I die for it!" cried Dolly.

Then she clapped her hands, and laughed gleefully, breaking off into—"A Moonlight Night for a Rumble."

Frank let his head fall into his hands.

"Good heaven!" he groaned; "I'd rather have died than have seen this sight!"

He got her home and into her own room, at last! but she was very unmanageable, and persisted in cutting up all manner of capers; dancing and singing, her cheeks flushed and her hair streaming, and asking him if they would not go again another night—it was such jolly fun!

His pretty, modest little Dolly! Long after she had fallen into a dead sleep, her husband sat over the smouldering fire, with his face hidden in his hands.

"Dolly," he said, when she awoke late on the following morning, "what happened last night must never happen again."

She looked up with her old clear eyes.

"Very well, Frank, that is for you to say. Just as you do, so will I."

He was silent a moment.

"I would rather die than see what I saw last night over again," he said then.

"Frank," she said, her lips quivering. "I've seen the same night once or twice every week since the day I married you, and only God knows what it cost me."

He caught her close to his heaving heart.

"Poor little wife!" he almost sobbed, "you never shall see such a night again. I shall sign the pledge to-day."

"So will I, Frank."

"They both signed it, and kept it too. Ten years after, Mayfield was a rich man, and one of the most renowned temperance leaders of the day."

"Frank," said his pretty wife, one day, as they watched their children playing on the lawn, "I did fool you handsomely that night, Frank, it is all make-believe. I didn't get the Reindeer that night, and not a drop of the hateful stuff had passed my lips. Didn't I fool you handsomely, and cure you into a bargain?"

"You little witch!" he cried, but the instant after his eyes filled—"Yes, Dolly," he said, drawing her close to his side, "you cured me of a habit that would have been my ruin. Heaven bless you for it."

"Charge it!"

An oldish citizen who had scraped a few hundred dollars together started in the saloon business, and a man whom he knew and did not particularly admire started in the same business at the same time a few doors above. There was something of a rivalry between the two places about fixing up, and the old man was constantly on the watch to see that the other did not get ahead of him. He had just settled down to the belief that he was a long way ahead, when in came a customer who said:

"Ah! you'll have to hang up your fiddle now. The man above you was just showing me his slate. He has over twenty names on it since morning, and four men have just gone in there after ten-cent drinks."

"Is that some facts?" exclaimed the old man, thoroughly aroused in a moment.

"Yes, and I'll bet he'll have \$20 charged to customers before night."

"Und I shall haf more as forty! Vhait tills I runs mit der grocery for a slate, und den you shand on der corner und gif der poyss some winks to come in. I don't let dot man get ahead of me if I haf to pay ten selches!"

Night closed in on the old man top of the heap.

"Going Home."

There isn't a day in the year but what one can see just such a parting as recently took place at the Union depot. Man and wife had come down to the train which was to bear her to her mother's. The husband had fully persuaded her that her health was failing, and that she ought to go home on a six weeks' visit. She thought she felt even better than usual, but husbands know best about these things, of course. This wife seemed to have made her preparations quickly, and had not yet said what was on her mind to say. It lacked thirty-five minutes of train time, and as they sat down in the waiting-room she said:

"Now, Henry, the last time I went away—"

"Just wait—I want to see if that's our train," interrupted the husband as he rose up. Going out, he was absent seven minutes. When he returned she was ready to say:

"I wanted to say to you that the neighbors—"

"Did I give you the check for your trunk?" he suddenly inquired.

She found it in her pocket, restored it, and began again:

"Of course I have confidence in you, but—"

"You remember that you must not change cars at the Junction," he said as he looked at his watch. "When you reach there you will hear men yelling change cars for this and that place, but you sit right still!"

"Haven't I been over the road four different times, and don't I know all the stations? Now, Henry, although there will be no one in the house but you, I have—"

"Did you forget that lunch basket?" he excitedly asked as he looked around and under the seat.

She had it on her lap all the time. As soon as she had assured him of its safety she said:

"You now come from the office every evening at six, and of course, I shall expect—"

"That's our train?" he exclaimed as he leaped up and grabbed for the satchel.

"Dear me, but I wanted to say to you—"

He rushed down the depot and put her aboard the car as fast as possible, but while arranging the seat she said:

"Now, Henry, I am going away for six weeks, but I want to say that—"

"There goes the bell—I'll be left—let me kiss you—good-bye, dear!" and he was out of sight in an instant.

A man across the aisle who seemed to know how matters stood, looked at his watch and then called out:

"It lacks just twenty-two minutes of train time!"

The wife rose up and walked to the door, but Henry was clear of the depot, and all she could do was to give one of her hand-boxes a kick and mutter:

"I'll pay him for this—I'll return unexpectedly!"

The Louisiana.

Stopping in at a grocery store for a moment, I met Captain Binns, the owner of a canal boat which is laid up for repairs at our town. Somebody was telling about the recent loss of a steamship at sea, and when Captain Binns had a chance to express his views he said:

"In my opinion, all these wrecks is caused by ignorance; just mere jackasses. Look at me. I've been navigating a vessel night on to thirty years, and I never got into trouble. I've carried 'The Louisiana, of Pensacola,' through the worst storms that occurred on this earth, and beyond bustin' off her rudder and having the cook-stove sweep over-board, she never shivered a timber. The reason is because I understand my business. I don't scare no more'n a baby if there's a hurricane a howlin'!"

"But, Binns," said Mr. Lamb, "you must remember that the ocean is more dangerous than the canal."

"Well, I don't see it," replied the captain. "I don't see it. I've heard a good deal about the ocean, but you can't make me believe it's any worse than any other sheet of water. You just run a tow path across that Atlantic ocean, and give me my yaller mule and plenty of half-inch rope, and if I don't take 'The Louisiana, of Pensacola,' and go a swoopin' to Europe then you may shoot me and chop me up for cat meat. I'm sick of this everlasting blowin' about the ocean. Where is it! Bring it out! Set up your towpath and I'll hop the Louisiana over it in a manner that'll disgust it. There's no boundin' biller that ever bounded that kin swamp the Louisiana 'The Louisiana' got a dollar and a quarter tin pump that'd jerk the entire Gulf stream out of it in a jiffy and I wouldn't be much afraid to tie the tow-line onto that mule and chuck him over and let him swim across. He's the most reliable and conscientious mule in the States. What's yer Atlantic Ocean to him? I never seen no squall yet that'd faze him. He's got the heart of a lion. He's been jerked into the canal more'n a hundred times, but out he comes every time, just as indifferent. The only thing that bothers him is the locks. He's so impatient that he don't like to wait. Now, if they could only yank the locks out of the ocean I wouldn't be—"

"You know there are no locks in the Atlantic?" said Mr. Lamb.

"No locks! Thunder! You don't mean to say there's no locks in that ocean? How in the mischief do they

keep the water on a level? And where do they collect the tolls?"

"They have no tolls," said Mr. Lamb. "Well, well! no tolls, no locks! Why, that mule'd just list that boat across so quick you wouldn't know you had left home. And I s'pose they do not even let the water out in winter like we do. Why look at it. Just look at it and then talk to me about it's being hard and dangerous. Why it's the awfulest foolishness I ever heard of. When there's trouble at sea the men kin go into the tiggins' and be safe but on a canal boat a man must stand square on deck and face the music."

"At sea there's no obstructions; but just look at the risk a canal boat has of going over a dam and bustin' into kin-lin wood! At sea there's no mule to kick contrary, and to pitch and kick, and to want to go up while you want to go down; there's no boats to pass and to wear out your tow line scrapin' their bottoms; there's no danger of runnin' sock agin the bank if you go to sleep at the helm; no boys kin throw stones at you from the tow-path and cuss you; and for your seasickness that there's so much hullabaloo about, why, I pledge you my word, that I've seen a man git' so sick in a canal boat that he threw up his boot-lin! afore he got through. Yes, sir! it's all bosh, this talk about the ocean. We never git no credit for pluck on the canal, but I want you to understand that it takes more to run the Louisiana betwixt here and Pensacola than it does to sail in a steamer to China."

"Seems to me if they might carry out that idea about a trans-Atlantic tow-path somehow, by makin' a movable tow-path like one of them endless thrashin'-machines. Then a mule could take it right along with him over the water, and have somethin' dry to stand on while he pulled the boat behind him. It kin be done, and when you give a mule a chance, if I don't run my boat regular from here to Europe it'll be because I'm too dead to feel any interest in the subject."

A Slim Waisted Man.

"Charles McGuire," began his Honor, as he looked over the desk at a slim-waisted man who had evidently met a polar wave and been worsted, "the policeman tells me that he found you walking up and down the street, beating an old tin pan and shouting at the top of your voice. Did Senator Sharon make his great wealth by indulging in such practices? Do we remember Homer and Milton because they disturbed the peace? Look me in the eye, prisoner at the bar, and beware how you answer."

"You see, I heard a swarm of bees passing over, and I wanted them to settle on my fence," gently replied the man.

"Bees! Bees in the month of February! Bees swarming such weather as this?" exclaimed the Court, as he grew pale around the mouth.

"Can't a bee come out in winter if he wants to?" argued the prisoner, warming up to his defense.

"He can, but he don't," said his Honor. "Every bee in the land is now in a dormant state, and will be for weeks to come."

"But I heard bees in the air. I know what I hear as well as the next man."

"Charles McGuire, you had a bee in your bonnet, or a flea in your ear. What ailed you was too much whiskey."

"May-bee that was it," thoughtfully observed Bijah.

The court gave him one lingering, trembling look, calculated to bring on congestion of the lungs within twenty minutes, and turned to the prisoner and said:

"This is your first time here, and I can over-look your offense. Let me tell you, however, that any further beehiving in Detroit in the winter will put you along with people who don't smell honey from one year to another."

"But if I see bees to-morrow—?"

"But you won't. If you do I'll send you up for thirty days!"

"But suppose a bumble-bee should come—?"

"If you say bee to me again I'll send you up now!"

The prisoner hated to give up so, but he finally made his way out, muttering: "To bee or not to bee a bumble-bee."

What Is Castile Soap?

A subscriber wishes to know how this differs from other soap. The hard-soaps made in this country are almost exclusively from animal fats; in the south of Europe, where the olive grows abundantly, the poorer kinds of olive oil are used for soap-making. Common soaps are soda and animal fat. Castile soap is soda and vegetable oil. In making Castile soap, great care is taken to avoid an excess of alkali, (the soda) only just enough being used to neutralize the oil. On this account the soap is much milder, and may be used on wounds and other surfaces where common soap would irritate and give pain. The mottled appearance of Castile soap is due to a small quantity of solution of copperas (sulphate of iron) which is stirred into it before it hardens; this leaves a bluish oxide of iron in the soap which, when exposed to the air, becomes changed to the red-oxide. White Castile soap is also sold, which is the same as the other, without the coloring. Though called Castile, it is by no means exclusively made in Spain, the largest share coming from the south of France, and indeed it is generally known in Europe as Marseilles soap.

A Domestic Comedy.

Here is a little comedy which was acted out in the southern suburbs a few days ago:

SCENE I.—Pa (who together with ma is going to spend the day at Aunt Sallie's in the country).—"Now, be a good boy, Frankie, and take care of things like a little man."

Frankie—"Es sir."

Ma—"And don't go near the cistern nor meddle with the clock, nor chase the chickens."

Frankie—"No'm."

Pa—"And don't go about the stable, and remember you are not to touch the horse. If I hear of you even going into the stable I'll make you see smoke. Understand, sir?"

Frankie—"Es sir."

Pa—"And maybe I'll get you a pair of skates to-morrow. You are not to go about the horse, now?"

Frankie—"No sir."

Pa (patting his head).—"That's right; you are ma's little man."

Ma—"And ma's." (Kisses him good-bye.)

SCENE II.—(Two hours later): Frankie goes to the stable, bridges the horse, rides into the street, knocks down an old woman's apple stand, collides with a milk wagon, and is finally stopped and taken home, with no other damage than a broken bridle-rein.

SCENE III.—Frankie sitting on the wood-pile chewing hour after hour the broken end of the bridle-rein.

SCENE IV.—(Ma, on her return).—"And you have not been near the cistern, nor meddled with the clock, nor chased the chickens?"

Frankie—"No'm."

Pa—"And you have not been about the horse?"

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VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, and Gives

Strength.
Dr QUON, Ill., Jan. 21, 1878.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—
 Dear Sir,—Your "Vegetine" has been doing
 wonders for me. I have been having the Chills
 and Fever, contracted in the swamps of the
 South, nothing giving me relief until I began
 to use your medicine. It has done me immediate
 relief, toning up my system, purifying my
 blood, clearing my lungs, and giving me strength.
 My nerves, which were so weak, and my muscles
 weakened in the fall, filled my system with
 poison; and I am satisfied that if families that
 are afflicted with the Chills and Fever, would
 take Vegetine two or three times a week
 they would not be troubled with the "Chills."
 I am, Sir, your friend,
 J. E. MICHELL.
 Respectfully yours,
 J. E. MICHELL,
 Agent Henderson on Louisiana, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—It Vegetine will
 relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such ailments
 as are caused by impure blood. It is the only
 after trying different physicians, many remain-
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 of the blood, it is called the "Great
 Blood Purifier." The great source of diseases
 originates in the blood, and if the blood is
 does not act directly upon it, to purify and re-

White, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo

Cairo, Ill., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I have used several bottles of "Vegetine," and has entirely cured me of Vertigo. I have also used it for my Kidney complaint. It is the best medicine for kidney complaint. I would recommend it as a good blood purifier.

Yours truly,
N. YOCUM.

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VEGETINE

I Believe it to be a Good Medicine

WINNIA, O., March 1, 1877.

Mrs. H. F. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you what our
Vergetine has done for me. I have been afflicted
with Neuralgia, and after using three bottles of
the Vergetine was entirely relieved. I also
found my general health much improved.
I believe it to be a good medicine.

Yours truly, FRED. HARVEYSTICK.

Vergetine thoroughly eradicates every kind of
humor, and restores the entire system to a
healthy condition.

VERGETINE

VEGETINE
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Respectfully,
BUCK & COWELL, Druggists,
Hickman, Ky.

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